

The TATLER and BYSTANDER

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March 12, 1947



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THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER

LONDON

MARCH 12, 1947



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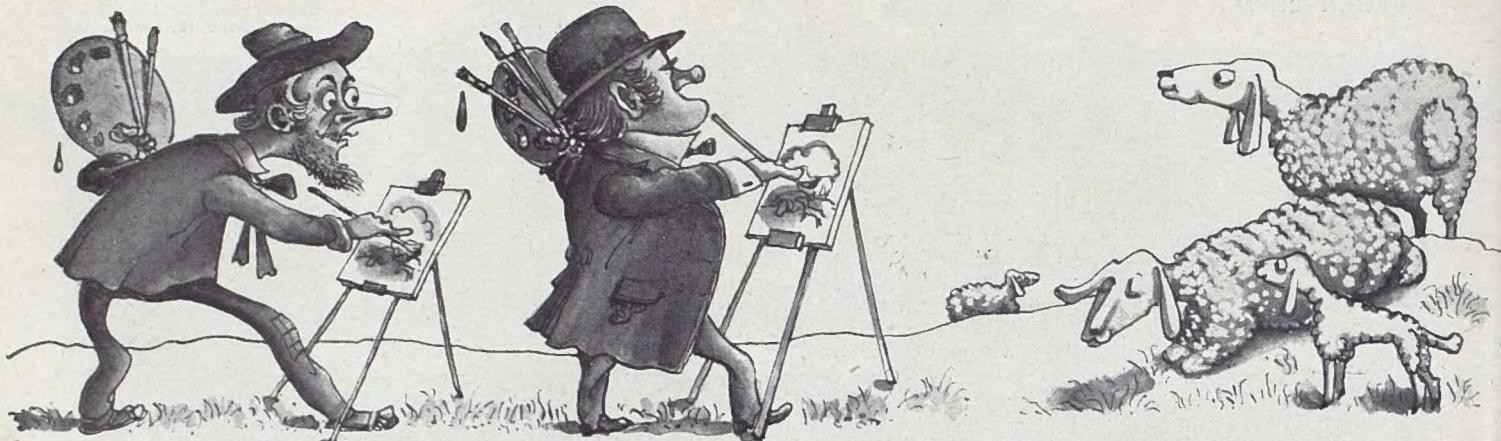
THE TATLER



Swaebé

Lady Margaret Egerton: Lady-In-Waiting To Princess Elizabeth

Lady Margaret Egerton, the most recently appointed of Princess Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting, has accompanied Her Royal Highness on the Royal visit to South Africa. Lady Margaret is a sister of the Earl of Ellesmere who married Lady Diana Evelyn Percy, the Duke of Northumberland's younger sister, in 1939, and succeeded his father in 1944. She is the fifth of the late Earl and Violet, Countess of Ellesmere's, six daughters. During the War she served with the A.T.S. and attained the rank of Junior Commander



Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

Portraits in Print

AND who might Mr. Norman Wilkinson be? I wish he would speak up and state his case for he is (unwittingly, I am sure) causing Mr. Norman Wilkinson some bother.

This paradox must be explained.

Direct upon the walls of the Metropole Hotel, Brighton, there is a number of competent paintings which depict, with much spirit and no small accuracy, incidents in the late war. They are variously entitled "German Convoy on Dutch coast attacked by British fighter and bomber aircraft," "Enemy raid on petrol installations and supply dumps on the Thames Estuary," "Raid by Wellington bombers on harbour installations and enemy shipping at a seaport on the north coast of Norway," and "Sunderland flying-boat on North Atlantic patrol." And all are signed "Norman Wilkinson."

The manner of the signature is wholly and remarkably similar to that of Mr. Norman Wilkinson, R.I., whose talented work is familiar to a great many persons in this country and more especially (if he will allow me to say so) to travellers upon British railways. Indeed, so great is the likeness that photographs of the paintings were sent to me in the belief, honestly held, that Norman Wilkinson, R.I., was in fact the author and would I care to publish them in this journal as a matter of general interest?

Split Personality

SUCH was my intention—until Mr. Norman Wilkinson, R.I., repudiated paternity. "Not," he said, "my work at all, although the signature is as near mine as dammit."

Here was, and remains, a puzzle of the most intriguing kind. For we discovered other paintings and these were signed in the characteristic "Wilkinson" fashion, but other names were used—i.e. Philip W. Taylor, W. L. Jarvis and R. Fyson. The lettering was identical and so was the unusual oblique stroke separating the name from the date. And all the paintings are the work of the same man—Norman Wilkinson/Philip W. Taylor/W. L. Jarvis/R. Fyson.

Who is the fellow and what, precisely, was the object of this exercise? The hotel, it is known, was requisitioned during the war and

was used to house Australian, New Zealand, Canadian, Norwegian and Polish airmen. Was our unknown artist one of them? Did he hold so lowly a view of his talent that he dare not sign his name but perforce used others?

The answer may never be known, for all that the closest inquiries are now being made by those most interested. It would, I think, be a great pity to erase the paintings which may not be in the top flight as works of art, but which do have the inescapable merit of fidelity in detail and the intrinsic value of the genuine souvenir. On the other hand, it is unjust to expect Mr. Norman Wilkinson, R.I., to be burdened with work which is not his; hereabouts a Solomon is required to give judgment.

If much more of it goes on, Mr. Wilkinson might profitably turn to the example set by the late Sydney Cooper, R.A., whose work in the Victorian era was so freely copied that he charged fifteen guineas a time to state whether a reputed Cooper was or was not his! I believe he made a not inconsiderable income in this way.

Carried His Bat

THIS leads me, perhaps illogically, to consider once again that remarkable man Joseph Ady, who, on May 10, 1830, appeared before the chief Bow Street magistrate at that time, Sir Richard Birnie. Ady evolved a system for extracting golden guineas from the pockets of the greedy which the law failed utterly to break down. His name and his exploits were in the newspapers for the better part of thirty years; yet his victims forever mounted in numbers and he never went to prison. He appears to have been a decent-looking man, sober in his habit, gentle in his speech. Not at all the sly crook.

His plan was to examine lists of unclaimed dividends, estates or bequests waiting for the proper owners and unclaimed property generally. Noting the names, he would then send out to individuals bearing similar names, a letter stating that they would "hear something to their advantage" should they have the good sense to send him a guinea. To those who complied he duly sent a second letter acquainting the recipient that in such-and-such a list was a sum or an estate due to a person of his name and upon which he might have claims worth investigation. Well, this information might prove to be of advantage. But the odds against it were very, very long; so long indeed as to be almost beyond computation.

Boldness Pays

ADY, at all events, made a good thing out of it and even employed an assistant to help in coping with the steady flow of guineas.

Moreover, it was the apprehension of this assistant which led to Ady appearing before the Bow Street magistrate. A Mr. Sakeld, a solicitor in Cumberland, had received one of Ady's letters and had subsequently, through his London representative, a Mr. Blamire, parted with a guinea to Ady's assistant. On receipt of the usual second Ady letter, the Cumberland solicitor had come to the conclusion that he had been cheated. He therefore instructed the bold Blamire to get his guinea back. This attempt failing, Ady's assistant was given into custody. He was not left long without a defender. Ady appeared at the hearing and there then followed this quite remarkable exchange between Ady and the magistrate.

Sir R. Birnie: "Oh! You are the Mr. Ady to whom so many persons, myself included, have been indebted for such valuable information; are you not?"

Ady: "I have come forward on behalf of my servant; but if you have any charge against me, here I am."

Sir R. Birnie: "You are charged, in conjunction with your servant, with having swindled Mr. Blamire out of a guinea under pretence of furnishing a Mr. Sakeld with information which turns out to be false."



Ady: "I have lived for upwards of twenty-five years in Houndsditch and, if I were a swindler, I could not have preserved my character for so long."

Sir R. Birnie: "Then you admit having empowered your agent to receive money in your name?"

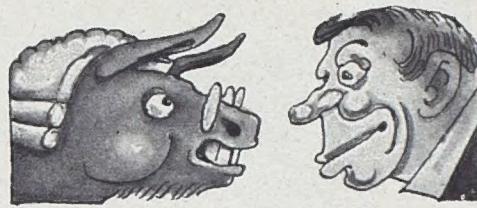
Ady: "I do. I have carried on transactions of a similar nature for years: and although I have met with persons ungrateful enough to demand back the fee which I require for my trouble, I have always maintained my point, and I mean still to maintain it. If this gentleman has any demand against me, he knows my address and the law is open to him. I insist that this is not the right place to try the question."

Duel

Sir R. Birnie: "We will see that presently. Let the police constable who took this fellow's servant into custody stand forward, and produce the money found on him."

Forward came the constable. He had found two guineas on Ady's servant; one belonged to Blamire and the other to "a gentleman in Suffolk Place." He was straightway sent off to Suffolk Place to check this statement. Meantime the duel between the irate magistrate and the suave old rogue, Ady, went on.)

Sir R. Birnie: "There is no doubt whatever that a gross system of fraud and imposition has been carried on for years by the defendant Ady. Upwards of fifty letters have been addressed to me upon the subject by persons



who have been swindled out of their money."

Ady: "I wonder, then, that you as a magistrate have not taken earlier notice of me. I am always to be found, and everybody knows there is law enough in England to reach every species of offence. If I had done wrong I should have been punished a long time ago."

Sir R. Birnie: "You are a clever fellow and manage to keep within the law; but take care, Mr. Ady, for I am determined to have my eye on you."

Ady: "So you may; you cannot say that you have lost a guinea by me yet."

Sir R. Birnie: "No, but you tried hard for it by sending me one of your swindling letters."

Ady: "And if I did, I dare say I could have told you something worth your notice."

Sir R. Birnie: "Not you, indeed; and I'll tell you candidly, I never had a relation so rich as I myself; therefore it would be quite useless to throw away your information on me."

Ady: "If that's the case, Sir Richard, your name shall be scratched from my books whenever I have your permission to go home."

(By this time the constable was back from Suffolk Place and was now whispering the result of his inquiry into the reddened ear of the magistrate.) Sir Richard cried out aloud: "What! Mr. Doherty, Solicitor-General for Ireland! You pitch your game high indeed! So you have obtained the other guinea from the Irish Solicitor-General!"

Ady: "I did, and I think that is a sufficient proof that my transactions are fair and above board. I should indeed be a hardy swindler to attempt to impose upon a Solicitor-General."

Sir R. Birnie: "I have the honour to be acquainted with Mr. Doherty; and I dare say he will be good enough to tell me upon what pretence he parted with his money. He certainly could have known nothing of your character."

Ady: "Perhaps not, Sir Richard."

"Without a Stain . . ."

OUR record ends at this point, except insofar as it states that the charges against Ady and his assistant were not substantiated. Rarely can there have been so charming—at this distance—a passage of arms within the walls of Bow Street police court. That Ady was an old fraud is not in doubt; but he was more than a match for those who tried to prove it and certainly, as we have now seen with ill-concealed delight, got the better in argument of the blustering Birnie and doubtless left the court gaily jingling the guineas in his well-worn pocket and permitting himself the sort of smile that appears in similar circumstances upon the face of any well-bred tiger.

At THE COURT of ST. JAMES'S

If it be true that great houses suffer ghosts to return and remind the living occupants of their predecessors, one solemn residence in the heart of London will for years amuse the Ministers of Switzerland with shadows of Ambassadors from Japan.

For Number Ten Grosvenor Square is no longer to serve as a reminder of the empire of the Rising Sun. It has been bought, and will now be the inviolate territory of the 655-years-old Confederation of permanently neutral Switzerland.

Priceless but pretty silk tapestries of the sacred mountains of Japan invested the dark and desolate walls with needed colouring. Here, in darkest 1940's gloomiest month, spoke the wartime British Premier with the last Japanese Ambassador, Mamoru Shigemitsu. Here I often listened to the moderately expressed counsel of moderation by Mr. Winston Churchill's host, who is now on trial as an alleged war criminal in Tokyo.

In coming months the house will be graced by the unrivalled leaders of the diplomatic colony accredited to St. James's. With the partial destruction by Hitler of the private residence of the Swiss Minister in Bryanston Square, Dr. and Mme Paul Ruegger have been settled in the Dorchester, but in future the eminent in diplomacy and affairs will again mingle in a magnificent ballroom in Bryanston Square, and enjoy hospitality in an intimate dining-room on the ground floor.

Similarly, the splendid structure opposite the Soviet Embassy in "Millionaires' Row," that housed the envoy of Lithuania, now part of the U.S.S.R., has become a little corner of Syria in the great British metropolis. Truly Kensington Palace Gardens is only half-British, for parts of it belong to the Soviet Union, the French Republic, the Kingdoms of Norway and Nepal, the Republic of Syria.

Few newly appointed envoys in London can be facing a greater number of tasks than does His

Excellency the Vicomte Obert de Thieusies, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of Belgium. For he has stepped into a post held by his predecessor, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, for about nineteen years. Much has to be changed and reorganized.

When the palatial home of the London representa-



Pearl Freeman

H.E. Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies

tives of the eight to nine million inhabitants of one of the tiniest kingdoms in Europe is redecorated and refurnished, I fancy that the ghosts of previous tenants will shudder. For this young and resolute economist-cum-diplomatist will not permit heirlooms and trinkets to crowd the corners of the vast salons.

After leaving Stonyhurst, for whom he played hockey, young Thieusies took up posts in Madrid and Sofia. He lived five uncertain months in Nish, during the first World War, and joining the Belgian Army, remained with King Albert in the strenuously contested twenty or thirty mile strip the Germans never conquered.

ARRANGING the royal visit to Brazil in 1920, Thieusies moved to Paris as First Secretary, then Counsellor, and later to the delights of Tangier. Belgrade followed. At seven o'clock on April 6, 1941, Thieusies, by now Minister, awoke to the sound of bombs and saw that the Legation adjoining his residence was burning fiercely. Fortunately his wife and three children (born in Paris and Prague) had just been sent off to Turkey. Thieusies and his staff saved papers, silver, valuable paintings. That night he slept in his well-provisioned car.

The Royal Yugoslav Government left in the morning, the Minister in the afternoon. They could not remain near Sarajevo, for the German planes came too often. By inaccessible roads they reached the coast and were rescued by British Sunderlands. A refugee ship for women and children took the diplomats to Alexandria. After other "thrills" Thieusies reached London, headship of important commissions, and now an Embassy of historic status.

George Bilainkin.

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

Vox Populi



Fredric March,
who appears in "The
Best Years of Our
Lives," with Myrna
Loy, Virginia Mayo,
Dana Andrews and
Teresa Wright

GIVE the devil his due. The enclosed letter on the subject of that much-discussed picture *The Outlaw* was sent me by an old friend. He is what Lady Bracknell would have called "an ex-Oxonian" and, as such, is incapable of saying, let alone writing, what he doesn't believe. Wherefore I must think that the views he expresses in this letter are genuine. Readers must judge for themselves.

"I sauntered into Bournemouth and, feeling in a mood to escape from unreal life, went into a cinema where they were showing a film I had made a careful mental note to avoid, namely *The Outlaw*. I bought a ticket rather listlessly, but before I could take my seat a Bright Young Female Thing stopped me to ask if I would be kind enough to tell her how to spell *Lockwood*.... I took my seat but within a minute could scarcely hold it. *The Outlaw* is a superb, stupendous giant of a film, in acting, suspense, humour, excitement, vivid direction and character-presentation in a different stratosphere from your Overlanders, your Southerners, your Easterners, your Northerners and what have you. Jane Russell or no Jane Russell, bust or no bust, bosom or no bosom, for anyone of any film sense whatsoever (i.e. not the average film critic) it is positively and definitely the most compelling and riveting film ever made by anyone anywhere. Do those who yap about the "arrival" of British films really think James Mason or any British film actor has as much mastery of the gamut of camera-domination in his whole being as have Mitchell and Huston in their little fingers in this whale of a film? Do they maintain that any of our pet, fashionable, pettifoggingly artistic and dilettante directors possess a tithe of the sense of THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PRESENTATION OF HUMAN BEINGS or of the basically cinematic art of high-lighting human character and smacking you in the eye with sheer personality, sledge-hammerwise, such as is displayed through this monumental pair of actors in every shot of *The Outlaw*, not to mention the inspired way the photogenic features of Jack Beutel as Billy the Kid are exploited to the full? (And all this, by the way, accomplished without the film's having, it would appear, an actual and specific director at all!). Naturally, and of course, our film critics wrote about *The Outlaw* as if it were a common, rowdy, brawful 'Western' re-echoing with incessant gunshots

and horsehoofs (or is it hooves?) pounding up clouds of dust, with daring love scenes for a new species of tart. That, I realize now, was a foregone conclusion. Least of all do I find in film critics that *sine qua non* of criticism—the faculty of winnowing the superlatively good from the merely averagely-good in any one kind of grain."

MY colleague Ernest Betts has just given us the results of the *Daily Express* Poll of Public Opinion in the matter of the best ten films seen in our cinemas in 1946. (Some of them may have been first exhibited in 1945; the point is that at the beginning of the year they were still on view.) Here is the list in order of voting: *The Seventh Veil*, *The Wicked Lady*, *Brief Encounter*, *Piccadilly Incident*, *The Rake's Progress*, *Bells of St. Mary's*, *The Way to the Stars*, *The Captive Heart*, *Henry V*, *Caesar and Cleopatra*.

THIS is extraordinarily interesting. If I had been asked to vote, I should have voted for any ten French films. The reason for this is obvious. If you want to know why A beats B in a hundred yards sprint or over the full mile, it is because A runs faster than B!! French films are better than English films because, in the first place, whoever in France decides what film is going to be made nine times out of ten chooses a theme that makes sense, whereas whoever does the job in this country, knowing the taste of the masses, elects for some piece of idiot sentimentality.

In the second place, your French director is wittier than your English counterpart. In the third place, French film actors are incomparably better than English film stars. Don't be an ass, dear reader. Or even a lady donkey. Just tell me the British equivalent of the following, taking the names in the order in which they occur to me. Raimu (he was alive during the period under discussion), Jouvet, Marcel Simon, Victor Francen, Jean Gabin, Harry Bauer, Sacha Guitry, Jean Marois, Jean-Louis Barrault, Jacques Berry, Fernandel, Francoise Rosay, Arletty, Madeleine Sologne, Michèle Morgan, Simone Simon, Gaby Morlay, Jacqueline Laurent.

Now, boys and girls, will you stop bleating about British film stars who have graduated at Staines, Streatham, Surbiton, and on the genteeler slopes of St. John's Wood? However, the English masses don't understand French, and therefore it is only fair in a survey of this kind to omit French films altogether.

NOW let us look at some of those winning films. *The Seventh Veil*, as I remember, was about a young pianist who has her knuckles

broken by her guardian's walking-stick, after which she has hypnotic treatment and comes back to the Albert Hall trilling faster than Moiseiwitsch and Mark Hambourg put together, gets through that Rachmaninoff concerto in a minute and a half, and goes out to supper with an armful of arum lilies and the leader of a dance band. *The Wicked Lady*, still as I remember, was about a young woman who put on trousers and a bass voice, said "Woof-woof," levelled a pistol and held up a stage coach. *Brief Encounter* was all right by me, but I felt that it would have been very far from all right if Eileen Joyce had not livened up the melancholy thing by performing the whole of that Rachmaninoff concerto as background music once if not twice.

Piccadilly Incident was just Enoch Arden told the other way round—a novelette for pantry maids. *The Rake's Progress* I thought goocish. *The Bells of St. Mary's* was about a consumptive nun and very, very heart-rending, or so Bing Crosby appeared to find it. *The Way to the Stars* and *The Captive Heart* were magnificent pictures which presumably is why they are so low down. *Henry V* was well-meant, and *Caesar and Cleopatra* was, of course, just talk, and in my opinion you can't film talk.

I SHALL conclude this brilliant piece of analysis by giving my list of the Worst and Best films I saw during the same period.

WORST:

The Wicked Lady
The Seventh Veil
Leave Her to Heaven
A Genius in the Family
Piccadilly Incident
Because of Him
Marie Bashkirtseff
Spring Song
The Bells of St. Mary's
A Matter of Life and Death.

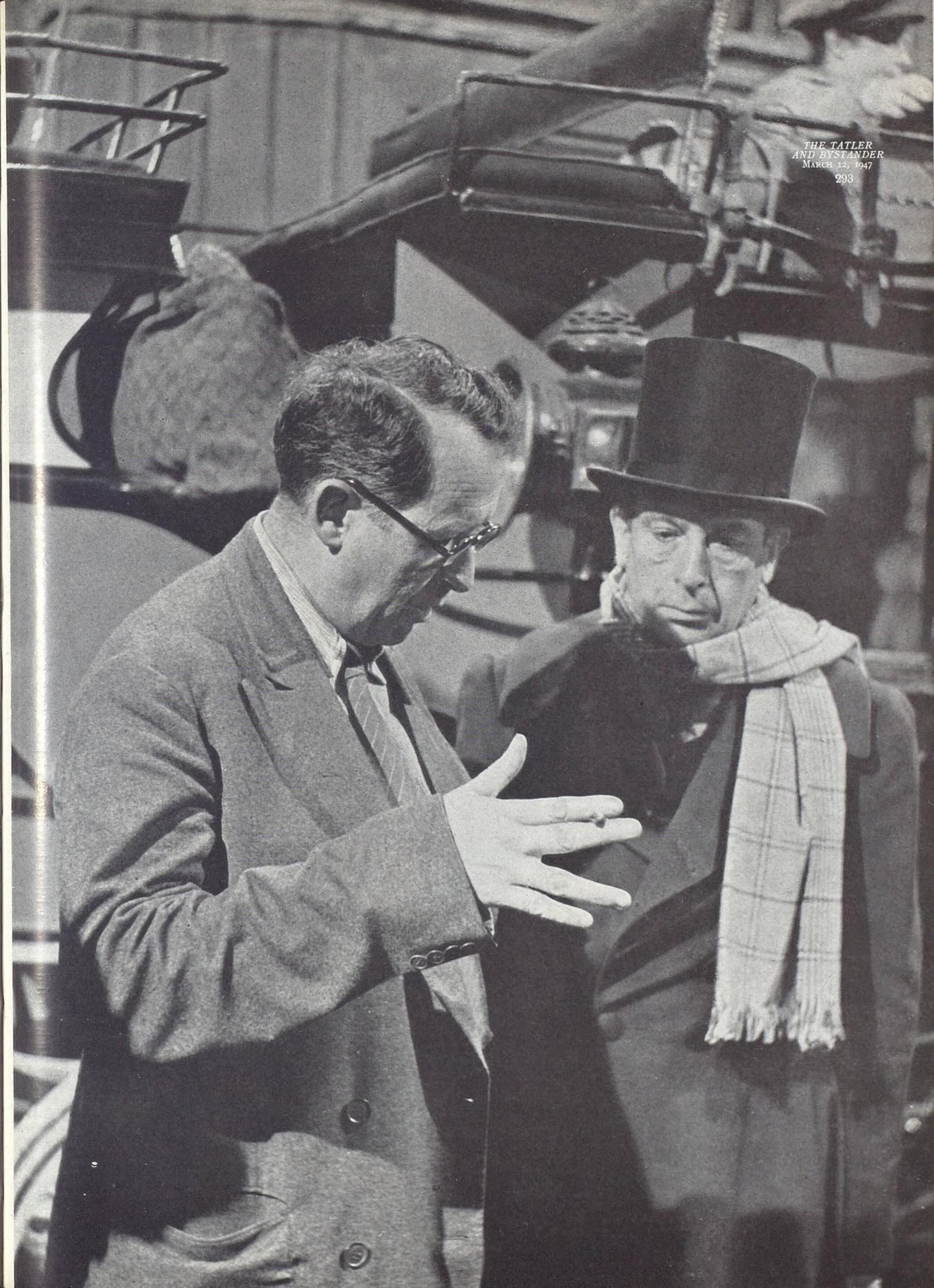
BEST:

Le Jour se Lève (Yes, I know I'm breaking the rules)
The Way to the Stars
The Captive Heart
Theirs is the Glory
The Last Chance
Brief Encounter
Scarlet Street
She Wrote the Book
The Stranger
The Kid from Brooklyn.

There is a moral to be drawn from the foregoing. Fortunately I am at the end of my space.

ALBERTO
CAVALCANTI

"Cav"—here talking on the set to Sir Cedric Hardwicke—was born at Rio de Janeiro but went to Europe at the age of fifteen and studied first at Geneva and then, as an architect, in Paris. He helped to build film sets and, by a natural transition of gifts and temperament, entered films. In 1934 he came to London and rapidly proved that documentary films could be "box office." He joined Ealing studios in 1940 and graduated from shorts to feature films, all marked with his distinctive flair for dramatic pungency and the twist guaranteed to wake up the most soporific audience. He has just finished directing Michael Balcon's production of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and is now working on a film called *Deep End*



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

The Man From The Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

Caste (Duke of York's). T. W. Robertson's comedy-drama, originally presented in 1867, with Marie Lohr, Diana Churchill, Morland Graham. A delightful old-world play.

Fools Rush In (Fortune). Joyce Barbour, Bernard Lee, Brenda Bruce and Nigel Patrick in another amusing story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Gleam (Globe). Warren Chetham Strode's new play based on another of the most important of today's problems gives food for thought and good entertainment.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Haymarket). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlyn Williams.

The Rossiters (Lyric, Hammersmith). Diana Wynard in a new play by Kenneth Hyde with Marjorie Fielding.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman and Alec Guinness.

Now Barabbas (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

Lady Frederick (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success, *Truant In Park Lane* (St. James's). Dame Lilian Braithwaite and Ronald Young in James Parish's new play.

The Shop At Sly Corner (St. Martin's). Arthur Young and Victoria Hopper in a thriller with an unusual ending.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

Caviar To The General (Whitehall). An amusing satirical comedy on Russian-American relations with some delightfully wicked performances from Eugenie Leontovich, John McLaren and Bonar Colleano, Jr.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Pacific, 1860 (Drury Lane). Noel Coward's new operetta with Mary Martin. The Coward touch is, as always, tuneful, accomplished and spectacular.

Perchance To Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Song of Norway (Palace). Operatic version of the life of Grieg. Music, spectacle and ballet and some fine singing.

Under The Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Cyril Raymond and Thorley Walters.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field in person at the top of a great supporting cast.

The Wizard of Oz (Saville). Claude Hulbert, Walter Crisham and Raymond Lovell are among those in the all-star cast of this delightful American children's classic.



With the joy of a schoolboy receiving a prize, Sir George embraces Flo Briggs (Joan Carol) while her spouse becomes an involuntary clothes-rack, to the amusement of his daughters Violet (Doreen Fischer) and Maude (Brenda Cameron)

Sketches by

Tom Titt



At the

"She Wanted A Cream

A FARCE of unexpected refinement—but Mr. Robertson Hare's old admirers need not take fright. Of course it is not upon his character that the farce refines. All that is meant is that the author, Mr. A. R. Whatmore, has let a little effective sentiment into the situations which are sent to try Mr. Hare's churchwardenly soul, and there is less buffoonery and horseplay than usual.

Mr. Hare, happily, remains the Little Man with a cherished reputation in a respectable suburb, and once again we have him trying to do the decent thing in the fell clutch of circumstance. His trouble this time is a discontented wife, and naturally he undertakes to provide her with the evidence on which she may divorce him.

It is an indignity, unheard of in his family annals. He winces but meets it with a stiff upper lip. Any cricket lover in a similar predicament would do the same—and besides he has much in common with the man who is running away with his wife. He also is a cricket lover.

THE farce itself has all the usual appurtenances. There are lots of jokes about divorce, pyjamas and undressing; there is the hired lady who may be recognized in the hotel vestibule as the wife of the waiting gentleman by the carnation conspicuously worn, and there is the scene in the hotel bedroom. It is upon this routine, which, as we know, may be, according to treatment, either amusing or dreary, that the author exercises his refinement. He imposes upon it a daily maid who, as Miss Constance Lorne plays her, delicately takes on a resemblance to the heroine of Arnold Bennett's comedy *The Great Adventure*.

Maggie, seeing what is about to happen to poor Mr. Hare, is moved to stand protectively between him and utter humiliation. She reaches the hotel just in front of the lady with the carnation, which is a lucky thing for him,

Sir George Basingstoke (Peter Haddon), secure in his private world of decent chaps and straight dealing, is easily duped by the ambitious and discontented Flo Briggs



The mantle of Casanova fits Ernest Briggs so ill that he fails to convince Alice, the chambermaid (Mai Bacon) that Maggie (Constance Lorne) has anything in her nature of the Scarlet Woman

Theatre

Front Door" (Apollo)

and, strange to say, is the making, not the arring, of the subsequent fun.

THE author owes much to Miss Lorne. She contrives to let this character of comedy grow as by some happy accident in the very thick of the hurly-burly. Maggie gives a kind of reality to the conventional bedroom scene, and if it be suggested that daily helps do not thus presume upon domestic quarrels between her employers, Miss Lorne might fall back on Bennett's explanation of what the shy painter who allowed his valet to be buried in Westminster Abbey instead of himself saw in Mrs. Alice Challice.

"She was a living proof that in her sex social distinctions do not effectively count. . . . She was balm to Priam Farill. She might have been equally balm to King David, Uriah the Hittite, Socrates, Rousseau, Lord Byron, Heine or Charles Peace. She would have understood them all. They would all have been ready to cushion themselves on her comfortableness. Was she a lady? Pish! She was a woman."

Maggie is balm to the harassed churchwarden, and Miss Lorne with her suggestion of roomy sympathy makes us understand why, which is a rare piece of information for any farce to convey.

MR. HARE's opposite number is Mr. Peter Haddon—the irresponsible, kind-hearted, insensitive sportsman who runs away with the woman in want of a cream front door, but just escapes marrying her. He has a pleasant vein of amiable idiocy and with a little better sense of timing would avoid the occasional suggestion of B.B.C. humour.

Mr. Ian Carmichael cleverly decorates the small part of the cynical hotel receptionist, and there are good minor sketches by Miss Joan Carol, Miss Doreen Fischer and Miss Brenda Cameron.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Ernest Briggs (Robertson Hare) is followed by the sword of Damocles like a faithful hound as he threads the mazy byways of collusive divorce



Arthur (Ian Carmichael) nearly measures his length at seeing anything so respectable as Ernest in the hotel



BACKSTAGE

SINCE *The First Gentleman* ended its run at the Savoy, Robert Morley, now holiday-making in the south of France, has been putting the finishing touches on *Edward, My Son*, a play with a modern setting which he has written in collaboration with Noel Langley. It is his first dramatic work since that delightful comedy, *Goodness How Sad* in 1937. It will open an eight weeks pre-London tour at Leeds on April 21 with Morley, Peggy Ashcroft (who has too long been absent from the West End) and Lueen McGrath in the cast.

Edward, My Son is being presented by Henry Sherek who, as soon as he has launched it, is flying to New York to supervise (as co-manager) the Broadway production of James Parish's *Message for Margaret* with Mady Christians, Miriam Hopkins and Robert Pryor in the principal roles.

Sherek hopes to present other British plays in America. It is a currency-importing idea which deserves success. Before his latest production, Parish's *Truant in Park Lane*, opened at the St. James's he had three offers for the rights from New York managers.

Flora Robson is now touring in *Message for Margaret*. A "number 2" company is also on the road with Cathleen Nesbitt in the leading part.

FROM all I can gather Ivor Novello's new comedy *We Proudly Present*—his first straight play for several years—will be an extremely amusing affair. When it opens in the West End on March 24, Phyllis Monckton will be seen as a former stage star turned secretary, Ena Burtt as a temperamental actress, Mary Jerrold as a muddle-headed aunt and Peter Graves and Anthony Forward as a couple of ex-officers who decide to become impresarios. Their ups and downs in management provide the keynote of the comedy, most of the action in which is placed in a theatrical manager's office.

What I am asked to emphasize is that while this is a comedy about theatrical people, it is not a "back-stage" play. Back-stage plays are generally regarded as unlucky. There have, perhaps, been some unhappy examples, but I don't think Novello could go far wrong on such a theme. The comedy is being presented by Peter Daubeny, who was an officer during the war and turned to management when he came out of the Army. It was this that inspired Novello with his idea for the play.

UNDER the Tennent management and by arrangement with the British Council, Fay Compton and Jack Hawkins are to appear at the Piccadilly Theatre in a repertory of two of the plays in which they have recently been touring with such success all over the Continent. They are *Othello*, which opens on March 19, and *Candida* which follows next night.

I GATHER that the new Tommy Trinder show, due at the Palladium at the beginning of April, will have a story theme covering round-the-world adventures and based, no doubt, on some of Trinder's own experiences. Since his last appearance at the Palladium in *Happy and Glorious* Trinder has been a riotous success in Australia.

The new show is being produced by Robert Nesbitt.

THE New Lindsey Theatre, one of the most enterprising of the little "outer circle" theatres, has *Waifs That Stray*, a drama with a medical theme by Ian Swift, as its next production and there are hopes that it may be transferred to the West End. Previous Lindsey productions, *Pick-up Girl* and *Caviar to the General*, have already been transferred and the latest success—Michael Hutton's *Power Without Glory*—is on its way.

SINCE David Horne took over the old Theatre Royal, Stratford, he has presented only revivals of West End successes, but on March 24 he is producing his first new play. It is by Edgar Ditton; it has the intriguing title of *Damaris; or the Passport to Hell*, and Dorothy Green, Ann Farrar and David Horne are in the cast.

Beaumont tent.

Self-Profile



Margaret Rawlings

by

Margaret Rawlings

A SELF-PROFILE is a contradiction in terms. One cannot see oneself sideways; except, physically, by means of a photographer or two mirrors, or, mentally, through the opinions of one's associates. So what follows is a second-hand rather than an eyewitness report.

An early recollection. My father (who was a missionary in Japan) and my brother and I were on furlough in England and I had been taken to stay with a favourite aunt. It was summer, and I liked above all things to dig in the garden. I was two and a half years old. While I dug, my aunt was working in the kitchen. Every now and again I bustled in through the brick-paved yard, called "Auntie Kate, Auntie Kate, I've just come to give you a little bit of love and then I'll go and dig," hugged her warmly, and hurried off as busily as I had come. I can't remember how I felt at the time, but I am able to state now that the need to alternate concentration on a job with warm demonstrations of affection for somebody has never left me.

The scene changes to a garden in Japan. In it, my mother serving tea—pale green tea, with a lovely smell—to some Consular visitors. We had just returned to Japan, via America, and in the latter country I had been given a lot of Red Indian bead necklaces. What with the party and the heat, I thought the occasion a most appropriate one for wearing these beads—and nothing else. Having

decked myself out, and parted my long black hair in the middle, I made a detour and joined the tea party, appearing suddenly through the undergrowth of dwarf bamboos. The result was a scene of consternation. Everyone appeared appalled. Except my mother. Having accepted my exultant greeting, "I'm a Red Indian! I'm a Red Indian!" in the spirit in which it was intended, she said mildly, "So I see. Why don't you try being an Eskimo now?"

Delighted at the suggestion I hurried in to wrestle with bath towels and safety-pins. But bath towels are far less rewarding than beads, and, soon becoming bored, I put on my own clothes and returned to the party none the worse for the incident, thanks to my mother's intelligence.

England again. I was nine years old and due to have an operation. My father wished to give me a treat beforehand, so after we had left my suitcase at the nursing home, he took me to a matinée of *Robinson Crusoe*. There was only one seat left when we arrived, but I was allowed to sit on my father's knee. During the first interval the person next to us left and I had a seat to myself.

In the act that followed, the funny man sang a song called "He misses his missus' kisses" and then invited the audience to join in the chorus. Jumping up on to my seat I did so—alone. Slightly embarrassed, my father tried to persuade me to get down, at which I announced in ringing tones, "But he wants us to"—and was heartily applauded by the funny man who exclaimed, "there's one little lady who's doing what I'm asking." The others did join in too.

SCHOOLDAYS at Oxford. Among my friends at the High School was Leonora Corbett. One day when we were about sixteen, and tired of cheering our house through a lugubrious hockey match, we dressed ourselves up as the relatives of an imaginary prospective pupil: Leonora, heavily veiled, as a horsey aunt; myself, heavily veiled, as a squeaky grandmother. We were received by our housemistress, who called our bluff and commissioned a girl named Lucy to show us over the school. She hardly dared look us in the face, and, instead of realizing that this was because she was dreadfully shy with adults, we thought it meant she had guessed who we were. So once we were alone with her I seized the opportunity to give her a jocose dig in the ribs and say, "Hullo! old thing!" She screamed and fainted.

I can see Lucy now, prone on the dormitory floor, and matron bustling in, too concerned with the patient to account for the dark strangers gliding out in convulsions. It was a long time before Leonora or I had so powerful an effect upon an audience again—if indeed we ever have!

I remember a matinée of *The Importance of Being Earnest* at the Oxford Repertory, and myself sitting at the inside end of a long row of schoolgirls all listening delightedly until the shocked voice of the mistress in charge cried, "Out, girls!" an order which another girl and myself pretended not to hear, thus succeeding in seeing the show through. I did not know why she wished us to leave, and was too innocent to gain much by staying. I just had an overwhelming feeling that no one should make a noise while people were acting.

After this, the picture becomes not less but differently arbitrary: my own recollections confirming or contradicting those evoked by other people's accounts of me, and visual scenes becoming connected by narrative.

A WEEK after sitting for the Higher Certificate and for a scholarship to Oxford, I went in for the Oxford Verse Speaking contest. By winning several of the test pieces I qualified for the final, the Silver Medal. But as it hadn't occurred to me that this might happen, I hadn't learnt the piece set for the final. I did so overnight—and having had the piece by heart so short a time was extremely nervous and dried up after the first line, thus disqualifying myself. I paused, began again, and did the whole poem without error and with great feeling, but I had nevertheless disqualified myself.

When John Masefield announced the winners he said that he was sure they would not mind his saying that the first prize ought to have been won by the candidate who disqualifyed herself by drying up. Later he sent me an inscribed book of his poems which I have always treasured. Astonished and delighted, I returned to my aunt's and uncle's

farm for the summer holidays, thinking for the first time of going on the stage.

When the news came that I had a State scholarship to Lady Margaret Hall, my pleasure was not nearly so great as it would have been before the verse speaking contest; and after a year I ran away to go on the stage. I thought the world was all before me—and Providence was certainly my guide in so far as my first job, which lasted a year, was with the Macdona Players, where I had the opportunity to play in a large Shavian Repertory, and above all to benefit from Esmé Percy's training, which was wonderful and thrilling and has put me most willingly in his debt for life.

I have played a great many of Shaw's heroines and two of his parlourmaids. The most difficult part I have ever had to play is the parlourmaid in *Pygmalion*. She is on only in the second and third acts and she has only to announce a series of visitors. BUT as there is a laugh before each entrance you have the simple choice of opening the door a second too soon to face a furious actor whose laugh has been cut short, or to open it a second too late to face a furious actor whose laugh has not happened. I used to spend this scene with my ear glued to the keyhole. No big emotional part has ever required such concentration.

MY pictures of the years that follow are conventional and would be familiar to everyone addicted to reading about the theatre.

Instead of looking up lodgings in the usual address book (which occasionally landed me in some very odd places) I came to know my way about as a result of trial and error. Instead of thinking in terms of tours, provincial or foreign, I conceived hopes of London. And at last I saw my name in lights outside a West End theatre.

Here follows a row of characters I have loved portraying: Bianca Capello; Salome; Liza Kingdom; Jean in *The Greeks Had a Word For It*; the Dark Lady in *This Side Idolatry*; Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Katie O'Shea; Liza Dolittle; Karen in *The Flashing Stream*; and Mrs. Dearth in *Dear Brutus*.

The war, my husband's work for it, and the birth of my daughter, took me from the theatre for five years from 1941, during which I was, alternately and collectively, farmhand, accountant, Nanny and char. Now I am acting again, and very glad to be doing so.

So far my life has been moderately successful, and, in many respects, far more than moderately happy. This is an unusual state of affairs for a European of this decade and I am very grateful for it. I hope it will continue. But even if it doesn't, I shall continue grateful.



Margaret Rawlings, who is in private life Lady Barlow, wife of Sir Robert Barlow, with her daughter, Jane. Miss Rawlings is now playing lead in Webster's "The White Devil" at the Duchess Theatre



Major R. Pilkington, Miss Juliet Colman, Mr. Kenneth Crawley, Mrs. E. Butler Henderson, Col. E. Butler Henderson, Mrs. and Major L. Butler Henderson and Mrs. K. Crawley



In the Hon. Treasurer's party were Miss D. Ireland, Mr. D. Mahony (Hon. Treasurer), Mr. P. Dory, Mrs. Bodkin, Miss D. Mahony, Miss S. Mahony, Mrs. D. Mahony, Mr. J. Ireland and Mrs. Ireland



Major R. Van den Bergh (Hon. Sec.) with Mrs. Drapes, who had lent her house for the ball, Mr. A. R. Frogley (Master), Mr. T. Muxworthy (huntsman) and Mr. D. Mahony



Meads, Essendon
Major and Mrs. Lloyd Jones, Mr. and Mrs. R. Streather, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. "Sandy" Motion and Mrs. Bob Reynolds

Chiddingfold and Leconfield Hunt Ball at Loxwood Hall Hotel, Sussex



Mr. Julian Marks, the Hon. Treasurer of the Hunt, dancing with Mrs. B. Kettlewell



Countess Cathcart, wife of Earl Cathcart, and Mr. Michael Price were among the guests



Miss Sophie Mitford, sitting out one of the dances with Capt. Julian Tennant



A party of guests, including Capt. and Mrs. Edward Yates and Mrs. Robert Taylor



A party of six who all appeared to be enjoying the festivities were Mrs. and Mr. O'Brien and their daughter, Miss Moira O'Brien, Mr. R. Barlow, Mr. Peter Roberts and Miss Pamela Wells

The Enfield Chace Hunt Ball Held at Welwyn

"The Chief" at the Winter Sports



Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, at Gstaad, in the Bernese Oberland, where he spent a holiday. With him is a young Swiss friend, Lucien Trub, whom he met in Switzerland last year



Mr. Thomas M. Snow, the British Minister at Berne, is holidaying at St. Moritz. He is seen here at the Corviglia Club



Another visitor to the Bernese Oberland, the Hon. Alastair Watson, brother of Lord Manton, at Davos. He lives at Oxford, Suffolk



Colonel and Mrs. David Sinclair, two more who were enjoying the good sport at Davos



Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, who have been staying at St. Moritz



The Duchess of Montoro, only daughter of the Duke of Alba, at the Corviglia Club

R. M. Schloss



Baron

To be Viceroy and Vicerene

Rear-Admiral Viscount Mountbatten of Burma, who is to succeed Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell as Viceroy of India, with the Viscountess. Viscount Mountbatten, who is the King's cousin, will hold the office during the difficult period before full self-government is introduced in India in June of next year. He brings to this somewhat formidable prospect not only a very extensive understanding of Indian affairs but also those qualities of leadership and diplomacy which made him so eminently successful as Supreme Commander in the Far Eastern campaign. Before this appointment the Viscount was resuming his naval career, and was to have taken up command of the First Cruiser Squadron in April



R. Claperton

A Family Party at Thirlestane Castle

The Earl and Countess of Lauderdale with a large family party in the grounds of Thirlestane Castle, their beautiful home in Co. Berwick. The party includes, from left to right, Lord Carew, Lady Carew, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale, the Hon. Sarah, the Hon. Diana and the Hon. Gerald Conolly-Carew, Lord Lauderdale, his granddaughter, the Hon. Mary Maitland, her mother, Viscountess Maitland, the Hon. Elizabeth and the Hon. Anne Maitland, their grandmother, Lady Lauderdale, and the Hon. Patrick Conolly-Carew, Lord and Lady Carew's elder son and heir

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

[from Switzerland]

DAVOS.—When I arrived here I found it is one of the Swiss resorts where people really go to ski—not just to sit about in the sun in wonderful ski suits or go for sleigh-rides, shop in the well-stocked shops and stay up late dancing. Runs are discussed at breakfast, lunch and dinner—and early to bed and early to rise is the form with most visitors.

When I arrived I found the place very full with skiing enthusiasts of all nationalities, many there for the Parsenn Derby, which was to take place the following Sunday. There were nearly 250 starters in the various sections, and they included such well-known skiers as Peter Mathis, a native of Davos and winner of a previous Derby, Walter von Neudegg, G. M. Godley and H. Strone from the United States. The English entrants included Harold Egleston, Ronald Harbridge, Viscount Hanworth, a member of the Ski Club of Great Britain, Harry Petre, Mr. Eccles, who is around sixty years old and had entered on handicap, and that superb skier Jimmy Palmer-Tomkinson, who earlier in the year had achieved the magnificent feat of winning the Downhill Race at St. Moritz, beating a big entry, including professional Swiss skiers. This was all the more remarkable as he had not skied since before the war, during which he had spent a considerable time in the Far East serving with the Berkshire Yeomanry, and had only been skiing again for three days before the race!

For this second visit he brought his wife and three young sons to Davos. The two elder already ski well and went down the Parsenn with some skill, but the youngest, who is too small for such a long run, was not always to be left out of the party and came down several times in a rucksack on his father's back, thoroughly enjoying every minute of it.

Among the British women racing were Doris Palmer-Tomkinson, sister of Jimmy, Elizabeth Angus and Mary Sherer, and from the United States came Penny Converse and Rebecca Malicheff; the latter is a member of the Amateur Ski Club of New York. This is the twenty-second Parsenn Derby and was run over the downhill course from Weissfluh to Kübliss. Many of the visitors go up in the funicular to Weissfluh and watch it from what is known as "The Men's Tee."

THE Fluella Post Hotel, which caters entirely for skiers, had a lot of English visitors staying there, including Sandy Barnett, another first-class skier who said he wouldn't compete in the Derby this year as he was so short of training after the war years; Monty Ritchie, also a first-class skier, was staying there with his very attractive American wife and his sister, Mrs. Style. He had not skied for ten years, but seemed to have no difficulty in finding his snow-legs again! The Ritchies had not been to England since before the war, as they live on a wonderful ranch in Mexico which he inherited from his grandmother, Gabrielle Style, although a first-class golfer and good all-round sports-woman, was finding the art of skiing rather difficult to master.

Other enthusiasts who were staying there included Mr. Noel Hunter, who came out to the same spot before the war; attractive Mrs. Gore, who is a Russian by birth, and Mrs. H. Boyd and her husband, who had come out from their home in Scotland. She is the eldest daughter of Sir Harold Yarrow, who owns lovely Craigend Castle in Stirlingshire.

Mr. Alan Thompson, who is such an authority in the poultry world, was there with his pretty wife; they had left their young family at home. The Dowager Countess of Jellicoe had been a

visitor, just before I arrived, with some of her family, including her small grandson Christopher Balfour. Lord and Lady Huntingdon had both been skiing energetically during their visit.

During the week I was there, Davos went very gay and held its first Fêtes de Mimosa. It was really an extraordinary sight to see masses of mimosa, a flower one always connects with the sunshine and blue skies of the Riviera, being lavishly displayed on sleighs, shops, houses and festooned across the road amongst snow which was 3 ft. to 4 ft. deep everywhere in the town. There was a Balle de Mimosa that evening, held in the dining-room of the Belvedere Hotel, which was beautifully decorated with masses of the flowers, and even had an archway made entirely of them. It looked like a fairy garden, and the scent was incredibly wonderful, too.

At this Balle de Mimosa I met Miss Susan Warren Pearl, looking extremely pretty in black; she had just come on from St. Moritz, where she had got her silver "K," and was hoping soon to pass more tests. Many British guests were enjoying the comfort of this very up-to-date and modern hotel, including Mr. Donald McCulloch, having a well-earned holiday from his work with the Brains Trust and agriculture, who was accompanied by his charming wife.

Mr. Robert Craigie was still out enjoying the skiing when I arrived, but his parents, Sir Robert and Lady Craigie, had already returned to their home at Uckfield, Sussex. Mr. Peter Agnew was out there with his wife, and was very proud of his uncle, Capt. Agnew, having the honour of taking Their Majesties and the two Princesses to South Africa in the Vanguard.

Other visitors here included Miss Helen Fisher, Miss Poisson, Mr. Kramer, Miss Bonney, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Heimann, Mr. and Mrs. Albert

Wright, Miss Perry, and Mr. and Mrs. Holzer, all keen skiers from New York.

Mr. Phil Forsyth-Forrest had taken advantage of the cancellation of hunting in Warwickshire owing to the frost to enjoy some ski-ing here, too.

Many people were still talking about the Viceroy-designate, Viscount Mountbatten, who had been visiting Davos with his family a few weeks earlier. He is as much beloved there, it seems, as he is in England, and everyone in Davos is sure to join us at home in wishing him every success in this, his new and very difficult task.

The history of Davos is interesting; it was discovered nearly 100 years ago as a health resort by Dr. Sphangler, a refugee from Heidelberg, and later became a winter-sports centre, starting with tobogganing, which later developed into bobbing and skeleton. Harold Freeman, the famous British cyclist, was, I believe, the originator of this. Then came skating and "bandy," a game rather like ice hockey, and lastly ski-ing, which was started there about 1900, sponsored by the brothers Richardson.

DURING my travels I have had news from the Bernese Oberland. This year visitors there have come in shoals. They have put up cheerfully with poor travelling conditions to reach well-known sports centres such as Wengen, Mürren, Grindelwald, Scheidegg and many others. It may almost be said that these centres cater almost exclusively for the English, or hoteliers and shopkeepers alike are as proficient in our language as we are bad at theirs.

In Wengen, like Davos, the order of the day is, of course, ski-ing. One telemarks around the soup, slaloms through the cheese and christinasas ver the coffee. Any other form of conversation tabooed by ski-ing enthusiasts, whose ages vary from nine to ninety. By 10 a.m. the hotels are empty and groups of skiers can be seen taking for the nursery slopes or for the crowded little trains which take them to the topmost pinnacles.

The younger generation are given every opportunity of enjoying themselves to the full. Seen on the aforesaid nursery slopes during this inter season were Lady Diana Dixon, her husband, Col. "Danny" Dixon, and their two children, Clare and Robin. Both Clare and Robin made spectacular progress, and whilst their elders were still plodding hopefully up and down, the young ones had mastered the intricacies of the "kick-turn" and were coming down from Wengen-Alp.

Lady Cecilia Johnstone (Lady Diana's sister) and her husband, Col. Norman Johnstone, came from Germany to make up a family party. This was reinforced by friends from London, among them Gen. and Mrs. Brocas Burrows. Mrs. Burrows was Molly Le Bas, the sculptress, who has momentarily abandoned the chisel for the plough in Sussex. She and her husband were often seen "feather-stitching" up the more difficult slopes until Gen. Burrows twisted his knee and was obliged to forsake ski-ing. Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer were also at Wengen having their first taste of ski-ing.

WENGEN seems this year to have had a particular appeal for South Africans, for there was a large contingent of them there. Among them were Diana, the exceedingly pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Susskind of Johannesburg, and Madeleine Massen, the well-known playwright and novelist, whose new biography on Lady Anne Barnard is due to be published in London this spring.

Mürren, the cradle of the famous Kandahar Ski Club, is smaller and more picturesque than Wengen, and has, in consequence, a cosier atmosphere, which is fostered by the almost family-like gathering of ski enthusiasts and champions who have been Mürren-mad for years and years. In fact, the bar at drink-time has a decidedly country-house flavour, for it is filled with old friends exchanging snow stories.

At Mürren, for those who can't ski there are the delights of skating, lugeing and curling. We are told that curling comes from Scotland and that curling-stones dating back to 1511 are to be seen in museums in Scotland. Curling teams are always looking out for matches in the different centres and the rivalry is very keen. Lugeing also has its fascination if you are fond

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of speed and have iron heels, yet even the toddlers seem to luge with skill and efficiency.

And now I leave Switzerland until next year and journey on for a few brief days to the South of France.

BEFORE I leave, here is news of a good dance which took place recently at home. It was given jointly by Mrs. Allan Adair and Mrs. Harold Bowen for their daughters Bridget Adair and Clarissa Bowen in Major-Gen. and Mrs. Allan Adair's charming house in Green Street. Bridget Adair looked enchanting in a draped dress of blue-and-white-striped silk with white camellias in her hair, while Clarissa Bowen was in a pretty dress of white crepe. Huge vases of spring flowers were everywhere, and dancing took place in the attractive panelled drawing-room. A very good idea was the small room upstairs reserved for chaperons, where they could enjoy the evening comfortably and away from the continual music in the ballroom. Gen. and Mrs. Adair were indefatigable in looking after all their guests.

Among those who brought young people were Lady Listowel, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, Lord Glentanar, Pamela Lady Glenconner, Col. and Mrs. Beaumont-Nesbitt, and Major and Mrs. Pennington. The attractive young girls dancing included Lady Mary Cambridge in white, the Hon. Pamela Mountbatten in blue, Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice in black tulle with a red sash, Lady Caroline Thynne, the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath's only daughter, who is one of the loveliest debutantes I have seen, wearing white satin, the Hon. Jean Coats in pale blue moiré with puffed sleeves, Miss Monica Stourton, Miss Jean Tollemache, Miss Diana Newall, Miss Mary Edmonstone, Miss June Beaumont-Nesbitt and Lady Jean Leslie.

Among their partners were Lord Gillford, Prince Michael Obolensky, the Hon. Luke White on leave from the Air Force, Mr. Michael Stourton, Capt. David Bethell, the Hon. Colin Tenant, Capt. Rupert Jardine, Mr. Philip York, Capt. David Rasch and Mr. Jeremy Cubitt. It was described to me by a young guest as one of the best dances and ended with "John Peel" and "Auld Lang Syne" about 3 a.m.

SIR HAROLD and Lady Hood gave a delightful "house-warming party" recently in their new flat, where the guests were not only offered excellent cocktails but also mulled claret, which was appropriate on one of the coldest days of the year. The drawing-room, with its lovely green carpet (on which one hoped careless guests wouldn't drop anything!) and wine-coloured curtains, was deliciously scented with bowls of white lilies, mimosa and blossom. Lady Hood, looking most attractive and wearing a long black skirt with a most attractive damask blouse, which she told me her brother David had brought back for her from the Middle East, and the fine pearl and diamond brooch her husband gave her as a wedding present, received the guests with Sir Harold, who was an attentive host. Amongst those I met at this amusing party were the hostess's mother, Doris Lady Strabolgi, and her two brothers, the Hon. David and the Hon. Basil Kenworthy, who had come up from Oxford specially for the party; and Marie Lady Hood, very smart in blue and black, with her younger sons, Alan and Robin. Miss Colleen Worthington, Sir Harold Hood's debutante niece, was telling friends about her recent visit to Denmark; another returned traveller there was the Hon. Elda Acton, who had just been on a visit to Rome. Mr. and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash were chatting to Mrs. Alfred Ezra, who wore a most original hat trimmed with two bunches of grapes.

Among others who came in to wish this popular young couple happiness in their new home were Sir Charles and Lady Doughty, Major Michael Trappes-Lomax, Mr. Douglas Woodruff, Lord Holden, Sir Hugh and Lady Turnbull and their daughter Madelaine, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Thornley, who had just returned from Switzerland, Lady Gaselee, Mr. Raymond Flower and the Hon. Mrs. Basley-White, who was just off to Monte Carlo and, she hoped, some sun.



Navana

The Hon. Jaquetta Mary Theresa Digby is the youngest of Lord and Lady Digby's three daughters. Her mother is a sister of Lord Aberdare



Miss Ann Butterwick is the only daughter of Mr. J. C. Butterwick and the Hon. Mrs. Butterwick, and a niece of Viscountess Davidson, M.P. Her mother is a daughter of the first Lord Dickinson



Pearl Freeman
The Hon. Anne Russell, elder daughter of Lord Russell of Liverpool, and of Constance Lady Russell, served with the F.A.N.Y. for five years

JENNIFER'S GALLERY

THE "WHITE TRAIN" BEGINS ITS JOURNEY

More Pictures of the Royal Tour of South Africa



During a long journey on the Royal train the Princesses travelled for five miles on the footplate. The locomotive inspector is showing Princess Margaret the controls



Their Majesties and the Princesses at a garden party in Victoria Park, Port Elizabeth, at which there were 7,000 guests. The Queen is wearing a gown of white organdie flowers mounted on silk organza



The Royal Family being greeted as they alight at the railway station of Worcester, the centre of a large fruit-growing district



Their Majesties talking at Worcester to some small boys and girls who were evacuated from Britain to South Africa during the war

Michael Kllanin

An Irish Commentary

The Literary Front . . .

Homage to the Rotunda . . .

A Camp and a Kite

A WELCOME visitor when I was recuperating from 'flu was Patrick MacDonogh the poet. He brought me along a copy of a book which has been much discussed and reviewed in Ireland, called *The Unfortunate Fursey*, by a young Irish author named Mervyn Wall, who has previously been associated more with short-story writing.

But before I write about Wall's book, a word about Patrick MacDonogh. As in England, until a writer gets into the Maugham category it is not possible for him to live by the pen alone in Ireland. The result is that we find that most of the young writers and poets in Ireland are, in addition, Civil Servants, bank clerks, lawyers or newspaper men. Patrick MacDonogh is in Guinness's Brewery. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and spent many years in the English midlands. His verse is well known to readers of Irish literary pages, and it is one of our boasts that all the three National papers published in Dublin devote a page a week to literature, and all encourage the writing and publication of original verse.

The Irish Press, the Government paper under the able literary editorship of M. J. MacManus, who unfortunately has been seriously ill for some while, but I am glad to say is now improving, also publishes an original short story every day. Though the payments for verse and stories may not be very high, at least there is the encouragement given to authors.

Patrick MacDonogh is often confused with Donogh MacDonagh. This latter is also a poet, and I believe his verse play, *Happy as Larry*, is due for a London presentation. Donogh MacDonagh is the son of the 1916 leader. He is now a District Justice in Wexford, but like his namesake is a very frequent contributor of verse to the Irish papers.

STANGELY enough, literature and the District Courts seem to go hand in hand, and the number of literary D.J.s seems very high. Besides Donogh MacDonagh there comes to my mind District Justice J. M. Flood, who is just retiring from the Limerick Bench, and whose works vary from a life of Newman to legends of ancient Ireland. There are also District Justices Reddin and Gleeson, both of whom contribute to our literary output. Also one should not forget District Justice Sean Ford, who conducts the Irish-speaking court in the Gaileacht, in West Galway. He has published several books of Irish tales, in Irish, which he has collected in Connemara. His contribution is one of the most valuable to modern literature in Irish.

But here I am digressing on MacDonoghs and D.J.s and forgetting about *The Unfortunate Fursey*. This I have heard acclaimed as the greatest book by an Irish author in English since James Stevens' *Crock of Gold*. I wish I could give such high a praise, but I must say it gave me very great enjoyment.

It tells of the adventures of one Fursey, a monk at Clonmacnoise in early times. Unfortunately, the devil gets a bridgehead in his cell and the Abbot has to expel Fursey. His wanderings do not go much farther afield than Cashel, but he manages to be forced into marriage with a witch, who only survives some six hours but before her death breathes all her witchery into the unfortunate monk. He then finds himself a most unwilling witch. Wall has obviously taken great trouble to get a historical background and must have made a study of sorcery. I only feel at times that his imagination might have allowed him a little

more scope and that perhaps the bishop's temptations are limited.

The book came out before Christmas, and it is hard to obtain in Dublin.

AND whilst on the subject of books, I was delighted to see that the study of the Rotunda Hospital by C. P. Curran has been reissued. This was originally published for the bi-centenary in 1945, but has been reprinted in a slightly abridged form. The Rotunda Hospital, as you may remember, is one of the leading lying-in hospitals of the world, and to it come students from all over the world. To the visitor to Dublin it is, however, best known from its architectural standpoint. Its Palladian exterior rises up prominently at the northern end of O'Connell Street, as much a landmark in Dublin as St. George's Hospital is at Hyde Park Corner, though, of course, there can be no architectural comparison.

This is a book that all interested in Georgian buildings should possess, for it goes very carefully into the many craftsmen who were employed on the building. It has excellent photographs of the details of the baroque chapel, the ceiling of which was, alas, never painted, and includes a very fine drawing of the chapel by Raymond McGrath which gives every detail in true perspective in a way which no photograph could do.

DURING the past two weeks the main subjects of conversation in Dublin have been the great defeat inflicted on England on the Rugby football ground, a match I was unable to attend, the visit of Mr. Butlin, of holiday-camp fame, and American Mr. James Butler's kite-flying about a £25,000 international horse-race.

Mr. Butlin is shortly going to open an Irish holiday camp. There are several other such ventures on foot, but if I had any spare funds to invest I would back Mr. Butlin, for he has had such experience. He tactfully started by saying that the first thing to be built would be a chapel, so that parried any opposition that might have come from ecclesiastical circles. What I am not quite sure about is whether the Irish temperament is compatible with mass-produced holidays. We have no great seaside resorts—they are all on the small size compared with English and Continental places. I think the Irishman prefers a quiet family holiday in rather remote places. But Mr. Butlin is giving first preference to Irish and will fill up the spare chalets with English. I shall watch the outcome with interest.

MR. JAMES BUTLER is the President of Empire City Racing Association in New York. He plans next year to have an international race in the States for the Empire City Gold Cup with £25,000 added. It is his intention to get European owners to transport their horses by air. I am assured by vets. that if a horse runs at once it is not affected by climatic changes and that horses like flying.

The reaction has been two-fold. The more conservative think there is no need for such a race, whilst the more progressive believe that if such a race were held in a different country each year it would be a great help to international racing. The question is, who would put up those stakes in, say, England? The stakes must be big enough to encourage the farthest competitor. Like Mr. Butlin's venture, I shall also watch Mr. Butler with interest, but think that Butlin has more hopes of a success than Butler. We'll see.



Miss Olive Creed, Mr. Tim Goff, and Mr. Tom Hyde, who is expected to ride Mr. J. Arthur Rank's Prince Regent in the Grand National



Sir Oliver Lambert, Bt., Colonel Hill-Dillon, a Steward of the Irish Turf Club, and Lady Lambert, mother of Sir Oliver and sister of Lord Brabazon



Captain R. Shelley and the Earl and Countess of Harrington at the February bloodstock sales at Ballsbridge. Many bargains were picked up as the severe weather reduced the attendance, though bidding was brisk for most of the lots

Dublin February Sales



Priscilla in Paris

Levée at the Marigny

DESPITE the snow, the difficulties of transportation, and all the other numerous vexations of these troublesome times, flowers and hampers of mandarin oranges are coming up from the South for those who are lucky enough to have wealthy friends down there. The luxury shops that crowd together on the stretch of the Faubourg St. Honoré that lies between the Rue Royale and the British Embassy and that, nearly all, have branch establishments on the Riviera, have decorated their windows lavishly with bunches of golden-tasseled mimosa.

In a famous saddlery shop their heady perfume mingles seductively with the more masculine scent of leather (Russian or otherwise), and a little farther along the pastel tints of exquisite lingerie become even more delicate by contrast with the brilliant yellow of the flowers. A bookseller has not been able to resist a too obvious juxtaposition of the deep violet binding of an *édition de luxe*. . . . If the horrid truth must be told, I am agonisingly jealous of these displays. At my Farm on the Island we have mimosas that bloom only two or three short weeks after those in the South, but this year the caretaker writes me that snow is on the ground (we never have snow down there), that the thermometer registers minus 11 degrees centigrade (an unheard-of state of affairs), that everything is frozen, and that the sea has washed away the gate and the steps leading from the garden to the beach !

FRENDS from England who have come over with their cars and who are surprised to find how good the roads are still in France, have given me news of Calais and where one can put up there. This is well worth passing on, for although the 1946 edition of the Michelin guide gives one map of the ruined areas in all the bombarded cities of France and the list of hotels that can still cater for tourists, conditions change every day. Calais, of course, is in a terrible state. The Meurice Hotel, so well known to British travellers, was razed to the ground, but it has been temporarily re-established in the Rue de Vauxhall, near the theatre. Many of the old staff have returned, and one receives a warmly enthusiastic welcome. The proprietor, M. Maupin, who was imprisoned and "questioned" by the Gestapo during Occupation, bemoans the loss of 100,000 bottles of priceless wines that were smashed in the ruins, but he still manages to give one an excellent meal and a very comfortable room.

Many people motoring from England find it wise to stay the night in the town on getting off the boat, through the Customs, and collecting "juice" and oil. The days are growing blessedly longer, but it is just as well to wait till the morning, make an early start and have the whole day in front of one. The brand of petrol we have over here does not always seem to suit the way British carburetters are tuned. Petrol stations and French mechanics have a way of closing down and disappearing at dusk, and any motorist who has to wrestle alone with his carburetter jets as the evening star begins to twinkle and a little north-east wind whistles along the lone highway, is to be pitied. Of course, he can always walk to the nearest hamlet and make the round of the local pubs, where he will probably find a mechanic of sorts . . . with a good British accent the rest is easy.

THE rumour of a theatre strike that I mentioned a few weeks ago seems to have blown over, since the Government is consenting to a 7 per cent. taxation cut. A gay party was given at the Marigny theatre to celebrate the tenth performance of the Jean-Louis Barrault and Madeleine (Mme. J.-L. B.) production of *Hamlet* and Marivaux's *Fausses Confidences*.

It was a cold afternoon, but the curtain was lowered and the stage, where the buffet stood, was screened and banked with flowers and palms, furnished with deep settees and arm-chairs, and thus turned into a cosy drawing-room.

Mme. Simone Volterra, who has taken over the management of this theatre, received the guests. This was one of her first public appearances in Paris, for she has been away a long time. During the war she did good work with the Resistance. She looked very slim and lovely in a black tailored suit with a diamond fob dangling from the lapel. *Tout Paris* (to use the inevitable cliché) was present, including Henry Bernstein, who escaped to the States in 1940 and did excellent propaganda work there. The revival of one of his early successes, *Le Secret*, has been played for nearly a year at the Ambassadeurs and is still going strong. M. André Le Troquer, who was a Minister in Léon Blum's Cabinet, and his very lovely wife, who, hatless, wore her beautiful pale-gold hair piled high in a becoming coronet, were there also. M. Le Troquer did fine Resistance work during the Occupation and has been awarded the Croix de Guerre.

THE world of music was represented by Louis Beydts, who may possibly succeed the late Reynaldo Hahn as musical director of the Paris Grand Opera, Georges Auric, Arthur Honneger, Maurice Yvain and his clever young actress-wife, Sido Rémy; Society by the Comtesse Erambault, the Comtesse Hélène de Dudzele, the Marquise de Polignac, M. and Mme. David Strohl, Mme. René Samazeuilh, M. André Rivolet, Mme. du Serre-Telmon, Mme. Bonnier de la Chapelle and her sister, Mme. Sienkiewicz, whose memoirs are shortly to be published. Of the literary clans came François Mauriac, Paul Claudel, André Gide, Marcel Achard, Leopold Marchand and Armand Salacrou, who believes in travelling by air because "altitude cures whooping cough." Personally, I would rather cough than crash, and, besides, surely this famous dramatist has outgrown such a malady.

The cinema and stage were well represented by such stars as Jany Holt, Marie Bell, Annie Ducaux—who have all been seen on the screen in London—Maurice Escande, Bernard Blier; Jeanne Provost, Mony Dalmès and Dussane of the Comédie Française. . . . This party was indeed more Comédie Française than the Comédie Française itself.

It is common knowledge that ever since Edouard Bourdet's death the fortunes of the French National Theatre have steadily declined, and that the departure of so many famous *sociétaires*, over a year ago, has almost been its death-blow. It is said that Jean-Louis Barrault, after the immense success of his productions at Marigny, will be asked to return to the Comédie not only as actor, but as director. This would also mean the return of his wife, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Desailly, and the recalling of other *sociétaires* now playing at various theatres all over Paris. A great loss for *les boulevards*, no doubt, but it would mean the revival of the past glory of the finest theatre in the world.

Voilà!

• M. and Mme. Durand are not a very happily married couple. During one of their quarrels M. Durand angrily declares :

" You're so stupid that you can't even tell the difference between a horse and a mule ! "

" Really ? " answers Mme. Durand; " and yet I don't think I've ever called you a horse ! "



In front : The Hons. Isabel, Mary and Celia Monckton-Arundell, sisters of Viscount Galway. Behind : Mr. David Fetherstonhaugh, Mr. Christopher Bethell and Mr. Richard Mather



A group in the Mayor's Parlour, including the Mayor and Mayoress of Retford, the Secretary of the Hunt, Mr. C. W. Kayser, and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson

GUESTS AT THE GROVE HUNT BALL, RETFORD, NOTTS



Mrs. Barber, of Ranby Hall, and Mr. Harold Peake, of Lound Hall, were two more of the guests



A party in the Council Chamber. Earl Manvers is on the right, with Capt. and Mrs. Gamble and Mr. W. A. Wheatcroft (Master) on his immediate left

Photographs by Percy S. Laws, Retford



The State carriage arriving at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi, with the bride and her father. The service was conducted by the Bishop of Calcutta



Viscount and Viscountess Wavell at the reception, which was held in the beautiful Mogul Gardens of the Viceroy's house. There were 1,400 guests, including many ruling Princes



Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, Mr. James Billman, American Vice-Consul, and Miss Ruth Merrell, sister of the American Charge d'Affaires, at the reception

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"I sometimes get a little tired of people telling me things"

Q.: And your pet name?

A.: Tiny.

Q.: Tiny Whackerbath, you have been awarded the Mimi Rümbelgütz Gold Medal for Pure Geology. What are the duties of a Pure Geologist?

A.: To tell the truth, to keep myself clean in

thought, word, and deed (etc., etc., from the

Scientific Scouts' Manual).

Scout

BEING duly approved, decorated, and kissed on both cheeks, the Pure Geologist would stumble past the Presidential saluting-base in a large parade of kindly old botanists, zoologists, paleontologists, Egyptologists, entomologists, and so forth, their aged bosoms brimming with well-earned ironmongery. Sneers from a small, abhorred group of killers at the rear were ignored. Then there came a day before World War I when a President had actually to decorate and kiss some frightful little stinkard who had invented a leprosy-bomb for military use. The President took to his bed with influenza and the kiss was tacitly dropped from the ceremonial. But it is still on the Statute-Book and any cynical killer who wins gold medal may demand it.

How would you feel about it? *Exactly.*

Scandal

WELL-BRED reluctance on the part of Don José to kill Carmen in a recent Covent Garden revival was perfectly correct, though *Times's* critic, of all people, raised a quivering eyebrow at it. There's an old Basque custom which, like our own British one, forbids a gentleman to slay any person of the opposite sex to whom he has not been properly introduced. If you look up Mérimée's novel you will find that Don José Lizarrabengoa belongs to a very old Navarrese county family, whereas Carmen a little Andalusian gipsy trumbo whose people were obviously quite awful. Had she been socially possible any qualified person could have introduced them. A few examples will readily occur:

A visiting member of the M.C.C. (doubtful); The Colonel of the Almanza Regiment of cavalry (doubtful);

One of the Boston Cabots (doubtful); The managing director of the Fabrica de Tabacos (out for lunch); Jennifer (at the hairdresser's); etc., etc.

However, this procedure was not feasible, and so—as was admirably conveyed at Covent Garden—when Don José was driven at length to stab the gipsy to death he did so with the genuine reluctance of an Old Wykehamist using his racket on a Rectory tennis-lawn to strike some ravishing but impossible hussy to the ground. Anger, pity, nonchalance, remorse, passion, contempt, good form—a man's soul such a crisis is a battleground.

You thought we didn't care about these things? Why, there are times when we wonder, quite frankly, if we ought to know you.

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A WOMAN posed for a snapshot in front of the fallen pillars of an ancient temple in Greece.

"Don't get the car into the picture," she begged, "or my husband will think I ran into the place!"

THE dry-goods business proprietor signed a new fire-insurance policy and that night the building was burned to the ground. The company suspected fraud, but had no proof. The only thing the manager could do was to write the policy-holder the following note:

"Sir—You took out an insurance policy from us at 10 a.m. and your fire did not break out until 7 p.m. Will you kindly explain the delay?"

THE head of a big motoring concern was admonishing his new secretary.

"Look here," he said, flourishing one of her epistolary efforts, "you haven't the remotest idea of spelling. Do you know you have spelt 'pneumatic' 'newmatic'?"

The girl was not without some resource.

"I'm sorry," she said, drawing herself up haughtily, "but the 'k' on my machine is not working."

ROBERT BRIDGES, the editor of the American paper *Scribner's*, used to tell this story:

The grandson of John Fiske was sent to the venerable historian for disciplining.

"What did you do?" asked Fiske.

"I called Auntie a fool and Cousin a darned fool," said the boy.

The old man stroked his beard thoughtfully and then announced:

"Well, my boy, that's about the distinction I would make."

TWO recruits were pegging down a tent. One was holding the pegs for the other to hit.

Attempting to give the peg a hefty blow, the man with the mallet slipped and caught the other a nasty smack on the head.

Rising, the man with the bump whispered to the other:

"Don't muck about. The sergeant's watching us!"

A MAN had been complaining to an acquaintance in his office that he was not lucky in finding attractive women to take out. His friend said: "You want to try my dodge. Drive up late one afternoon to Westport, and wait at the station for the train to pull in. The wives will be waiting to drive their husbands home, and there are always one or two husbands who miss the train. Ask one of the girls for a date, and she'll be so wild at her husband for missing the train that she'll accept like a shot."

The man thought this a grand idea, and the very next evening he set out on his quest. He was very impatient, and when he got to Stamford he thought: "Why should I go any farther? There's a station here, so I'll try my luck." So he waited for the next train, and sure enough the men got off and drove away with their wives, and one lovely girl was left over. He went up to her and asked her to have dinner with him, and she accepted at once. They dined and wined and danced, and went back to her house for another drink or two. Just as things were getting exciting, the husband entered unexpectedly and started shouting abuse at his wife. Suddenly he noticed the man, who was attempting to slide out of the door.

"So it's you, you skunk!" he bellowed. "I told you *Westport*, not *Stamford*!"



H.E. the Norwegian Ambassador (right) and Mme. Prebensen (with flowers) arriving at the first night of Ibsen's "The Pretenders" at the Playhouse, Oxford, accompanied by Sir Frederick Ogilvie, Principal of Jesus College, and Lady Ogilvie



TALLS
H.E. the Danish Minister and Countess Revenlow were also at the opening night of this season's O.U.D.S. production



Three of the officials, Brian Cornwell (front of House Manager), Glynne Wickham (Producer) and Stuart Jolly (Business Manager)



Johnson, Oxford
The principals included A. W. Ashby (Exeter) as Earl Skule, J. R. Hale (Jesus) as Hakon, and Miss J. F. E. Turner (Lady Margaret Hall) as Margrete

The O.U.D.S. Presents an Ibsen Play



A Hard Task Before Them

The Oxford crew that has been chosen to meet Cambridge in the Boat Race next month practising at Henley. Oxford won last year by three lengths, but it is considered that this year Cambridge will press them very closely indeed. The crew is A. Palgrave-Brown (cox), A. J. R. Pursell (stroke), P. N. Brodie, T. D. Raikes, J. R. L. Carstairs, R. M. A. Bourne, J. R. W. Gleave, P. H. Matheus and D. G. Jamison (bow)

Sabretache

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

EXCELLENCEES come and Excellencies go, and sometimes their passing has been marked by events of much significance: at other times by just nothing at all! Never, however, in India's long history has a change of horses whilst crossing a very turbulent stream been made in the presence of so many and so great dangers.

Let us hope for the safety of the world at large that those who are now putting on their pads in The Pavilion know exactly what is the waspish nature of the bowling they will have to face, and how some of it may make even Body Line look like Village Green stuff. The strategic position of the Great Peninsula is such that, in hostile hands, it is capable of paralysing a vast volume of the trade of the entire world. The supreme importance of India as a keystone in the bridge of world security has been fully realised in the past, and the pincers movement in the war just over was overwhelming evidence of the value which some very astute and cunning intellects attached to it.

Hail and Farewell

IN his departing Excellency India loses not only a very great soldier, but an administrator whose erudition matches, and may even surpass, that of the Most Superior Excellency she has ever had. As early on as Winchester days the quality of Lord Wavell's brain was fully appreciated. As a soldier he has doubly and trebly proved himself. After clearing up an inglorious enemy in Abyssinia and Eritrea (he was present in person close up to the front line at the bloody fight at Keren), he held a much more formidable foe out of Egypt with a force of tissue-paper strength. In the incoming Excellency India has been given the man who saved her from being overrun by two packs of ravening wolves, and she has also the honour of welcoming the first member of the Senior Service to be appointed to the high office of the King's representative.

In Rear-Admiral Viscount Mountbatten she gains a specialist in the science of combined operations, and in view of the stark risks which the future holds let us hope that, if only for her own domestic safety, she will realise how crucial is the need for a firm and practised hand on the tiller. Viscount Mountbatten combines in one entity "the Counsel of the wise and the Valour of the brave."

A Battle of Wits!

THOSE who so strenuously oppose the hunting of any animal, and the fox in particular, may never have paused to consider that the zest for it is not inspired by "blood lust," but by the quite common urge in human affairs to pit intellect against intellect, or, in some cases—mountaineering, for instance—against some seemingly insuperable obstacle.

This urge, I take leave to think, is ineradicable. You meet it in many forms—fencing, boxing, football (both kinds), race-riding (also both kinds), stalking—in fact, in almost any direction in which you may choose to look. Man is a combative animal and nothing is ever likely to alter him. In the initial ages on this planet, and maybe on many others, Man was the hunted and not the hunter, and many aeons passed before he was able even to equalise the situation. The prehistoric beasts and reptiles had the better of the deal for a very extended period. Man's motto then was, "Get out or get under."

The dominance of the beasts over the human has not entirely passed. Take up any Indian Blue Book dealing with casualties from wild beasts and snakes. In my time they totalled well over 20,000, making no mention of the slaughter of cattle. It is probable that this figure is constant.

Then Later

WHEN Man achieved some sort of equilibrium, and besides hunting for food discovered the thrill to be obtained from backing his own wit against that of the quarry, hunting for the pleasure and excitement of it all came into being. The more dangerous it was, the better Man liked it. This urge still persists, for the adventurous think very little of anything that does not involve a bit of a risk: a charging boar, for instance, and walking up a wounded tiger, are just two little instances. In this country after the elimination of the wolf about the time of Good King Alfred, the harte and the hare and the occasional wild boar were the prime "beastes of venerie," and it was not until a liberal 300 years ago that it was discovered that the fox could outwit all others in knowledge and cunning.

This still remains true, and is the real root of the love of fox-hunting. The average fox has a far more agile brain than the average huntsman who sets out to beat him with a pack of hounds. The proportion of foxes hunted to foxes killed is considerable. What is the answer? It is this: that a keen contest of wits is the mainspring. There are, of course, many who go out hunting purely to gallop and jump, and who can find no more to say about the day's proceedings than those famous Cut-'Em-Down Captains who assessed the day's enjoyment by the number of fences they had jumped and the crumplers they had taken.

But these people just do not count. They have not understood anything at all of the cut-and-thrust of the whole business, the quick interchanges, the attack and riposte. It has all flown miles over their heads, just as it did over those of the Horselydown Hussar and the Leatherhead Lancer. If they have not jumped bundles of fences and pounded their best friends,

they think they have been done in the eye, and had a rotten day's sport. The person who really understands what is going on and the reason for it, forgets the obstacles, and only takes them on so as to get a better and closer view of the performance. If the fox has a quicker brain than the man hunting hounds, good luck to him! His victory is never begrimed. This is the spirit behind it all.

Hunting? Why, the whole of creation is made up of "hunters"! Never were truer words written than "Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em"! The highly respectable Big Business Tycoon in Threadneedle Street is usually hunting something or someone, and in his turn, know it or not as he may, is being hunted by some other Tycoon from "Simmery Axe."

Other Horses

RECENTLY we talked of the various kinds of hunting horses, but, of course, there are many other varieties of the animal besides those used for the chase: racehorses, for instance, at present a much-underfed and ill-used bunch; horses that pull soda-water and beer lorries and even milk-carts, funeral horses and even wedding horses—much as this statement may surprise those who know only those enormous automobiles with white satin ribbon tied on them.

It is not necessary to say much on the subject of racehorses, because everyone in these days knows all about them, often much more than either the owner, the trainer or even the jockey; but a word or two about some of the others may be helpful to any student of natural history. Nothing much is expected of the funeral horse, and he is only asked not to swallow the poker and go the National distance before stopping. To see the wedding horse at his best, I think you should ask Mr. Nehru to invite you to India. This animal is a very savage, squealing countrybred, usually white, or a washy-pink roan, and frequently with two wall eyes. His most customary food is sugar and some stuff called gram, both very heating—and he never does any work.

On the occasions of weddings or a procession in honour of any particular member of the Hindu Pantheon, he is led along, strongly secured fore and aft with ropes, in the midst of the tom-tom beaters, tootie-pipe players and other musicians. He is the centre of interest to the exclusion even of the bridegroom and the tribal hordes of his relations. This is not surprising, since he is garishly caparisoned with tinsel feathers, and spotted all over with henna and saffron blobs which make him look like a cross between a leopard, a unicorn and a rocking-horse.

Sometimes he gets loose, and then tiger-shooting on foot is made to look tame by comparison. A tiger has only his teeth and claws.

Scoreboard



IN some Skating Championships on the carefree Continong the judges seem to have been as cracked as crockery ; clean off their Rockers, to borrow the sally of that purulent punster, Captain "Tiny" Telemark, c/o The American Bar, Hôtel de Fug Magnifique, Hautestrippenteasen.

Dotty or just whistled on Biddi-Rouge, they surprised the gentlemanly representative of *The Times*, who wrote home to the effect that their system of marking the competitors and competitrices was "incomprehensible to your correspondent."

By-the-bye—as the No-ball said to the Wide who asked where he lived—the last *Times* man who described himself by the pronoun "I" was sent, at his own expense, on a month's course with a psychotherapeut of high and low repute who specialises in Morbid Manifestations of Ego-Consciousness (to say next to nothing about Gorbelliasmus of the Ektowattles) ; but the prospective patient lost himself in the wilds of Wimpole Street, was netted by a dental specialist from Danzig, and, within ten minutes, found himself back on the pavement with a 14-carat molar, a spare upper set, and an invoice for thirty guineas.

BACK to Hautestrippenteasen, and the international skating scandal. The gravamen of the charge will fall upon the consumer—pardon me a moment ; Miss Inkspout, you have handed me the wrong dossier again ; too many Whist Drives, you wayward but irresistible amanuensis—These judges made a muck-up of the whole show. First, they got the results in the School Figures all hat-over-gaiters because they didn't know the difference between School Figures and a tram ticket.

There is nothing new in that, as the pawn-broker remarked of his shop-window. Skating is an art, and art is a great leveller. For instance, on February 12th, a wealthy connoisseur from Mile End bought a Picasso, paid for it with characteristic reluctance, and hung it on his

bath-room wall. On February 14th he gave a Saint Valentine party to a few surprised and selected friends. One of them, needing a bath, saw the new picture and at once recognised it as a technicolor photograph of a corner of the Manchester Fish Exchange just before the close of play ; a clever fraud. On February 16th, the connoisseur, assailed by further doubts and a mysteriously pervasive odour, made a further investigation of his purchase and discovered that it was not a picture at all, but a displaced cod's head with usual garnishings. He is to report the matter to the S.P.C.F.

In the Free Skating, however, you would—or would you?—expect a little more accuracy from these judges. But no. It took two Rink Hostesses, an interpreter, a browned-off Brigadier who had wandered over from a curling match, and half an hour to convince these pogged arbiters that the competitor whom they had written down for the second prize was, in fact, Alphonse, the waiter from the Splendide, taking a warmer between two services of *Veau Varié*.

BUT it was in the Pair Skating that pan-demonium, to coin a phrase, broke loose. The judges, heartily sick of complaints, the cold, and their cane-bottomed chairs, joined in the Competition, unashamedly if incognito.

Donning their skates, they waltzed noisily around ; at first with each other, then, intoxicated by motion, with the candidates. Your correspondent, whirling round with the rest, overheard the following conversation between a Fat Judge and a Fair Candidate :—

F. C. : Cute work, Wally. Think we'll lift the prize. My G—d, who are you?

F. J. : Why talk of prizes when you have me?

[Falls like a sack of concrete.]
F. C. : Tell me who you are, or I'll speak to mother.

F. J. (Recumbent) : I am a judge.

F. C. : I thought so, from the way you talk through your nose and roll your Rs.
[The ice breaks.]

Next week :—How D. Lloyd George nearly played outside-right for Criccieth.

HUNTING NOTES



THE Cottesmore Hunt found that to recover after six years of war is not easy. We started cub-hunting late owing to the harvest. It was then a question of how to cover the country and stir up the big woods. This was done by cub-hunting six days a week, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Henry Tate hunting two days, and Lieut.-Colonel Heber Percy hunting four. The far districts were hunted by leaving the cub-hunters out to grass with some farmers in each area, and a week concentrated around.

Sir Henry Tate's pack consisted of seven to eight couples of old hounds, and some remarkable sport they showed ; their best hunt was 1½ hours from that stronghold Owston, killing their fox in the open. Owston was hunted four days consecutively, and foxes now fly from this 700 acres of matted undergrowth, and what lovely country all round almost free from wire ! Several other large woods have been hunted twice running.

Coverts have grown up and become bare, rides are overgrown, bridges have rotted through and become death-traps, but already tremendous strides have been made to get the country in order again, and it is hoped soon to have every person interested in hunting doing a bit. Hunt working parties are being organised to cut and lay coverts ; for the labour to-day must be done in any spare moments by those who enjoy the sport. The proof of the pudding : several good hunts since Christmas, and it has been possible to live with hounds ; and what a joy to be able to sail on at fence after fence without having to look first.

MAJOR H. MORTON, who succeeded the Earl of Rosebery as Master of the Whaddon Chase, has resigned owing to pressure of business. The country will be hunted by the Committee and Major C. S. Drabble will act as Field Master.

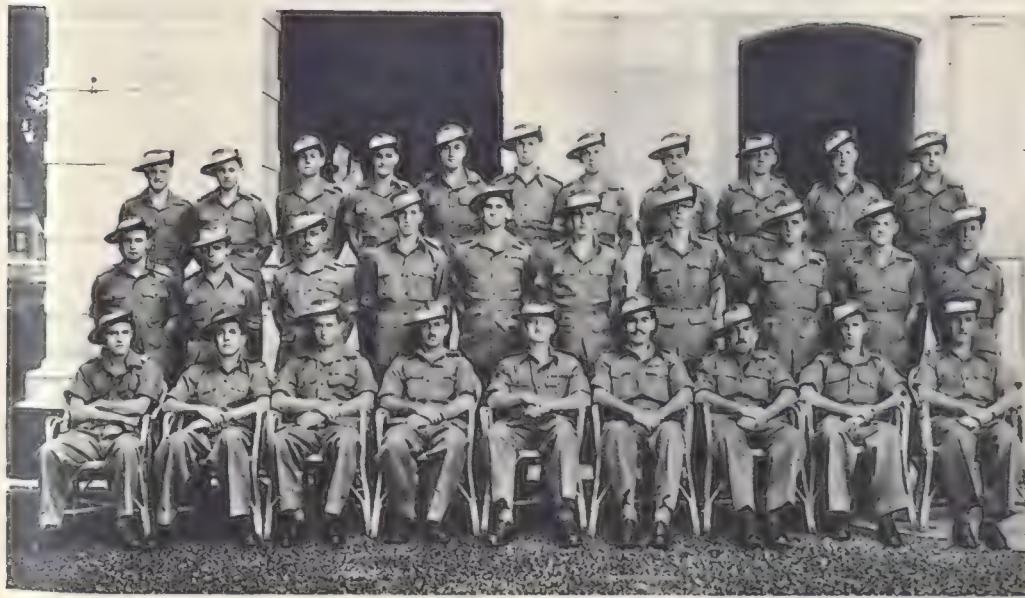
The Point-to-point Races which were to have been held on March 8th are now postponed to a date not yet approved.

JUST before the long frost set in, the Woodland Pytchley hounds brought off a fine hunt after meeting at Brampton Ash. Finding a fox in Bowd Lane Wood, hounds got away on excellent terms and went across to Brampton Wood. Making a left-handed circle round the wood, they came away past Stoke Albany Hall to Walter Wood and across the corner of Desborough aerodrome, through Carlton Forest to Swinehawke. Coming away on the Pipewell side, and crossing the Oakley-Pipewell road, they raced on to Rushton Blackthorns, and then crossed the main Kettering-Uppingham road and went on to the railway viaduct below Geddington station. From here hounds hunted on more slowly and lost their fox at Little Oakley after a fine hunt of 1 hour and 50 minutes, having made a point of six miles.

THE Aldenham Harriers have so far experienced a chequered season as, apart from distemper in the kennels, hounds have been stopped from hunting by flooding, foot-and-mouth disease and now by frost and snow, to be followed, one presumes, by more flooding. However, they did manage to put in a couple of days last month at Ivinghoe and Knebworth House (at Lord Lytton's invitation), where they had a capital day and accounted for a hare.

Nearly 250 people attended the Hunt Ball at St. Albans Town Hall, where a very successful night was greatly enjoyed. Secretary John Hodgson was an able master of ceremonies, and the hunting-horn was much in evidence ! Among those members who took parties along were Mr. L. M. Legerton, Mr. George Sparrow, Mr. Stanley White, Miss Mary Wright, Mr. Reg. Booth, Major Lloyd Jones, Mr. S. Hertz, Mr. Tim Muxworthy (hon. Huntsman of the Enfield Chace Foxhounds) and Mr. R. Streather.

The Royal Lincolns in Malaya



A recent photograph of officers of the 1st Battn. Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, taken at Taiping. Back row : Lt. J. Mills, 2/Lt. M. H. Best, Lts. E. C. Whitby, A. F. Townsend, 2/Lts. N. L. Williams, W. C. Weston, Lts. J. W. Render, P. D. Phillips, 2/Lts. T. A. Twigg, P. H. Kemp, M. R. Jarvis. Middle row : Capts. I. R. Boyd, J. K. Wighton, G. Wheeler, J. Bedford, W. Graves, M.C., Lts. C. R. Harness, J. Dymoke, R. E. Elliott, E. P. Spencer, W. F. Tomlin. Front row : Capt. P. J. Corser, R.A.M.C., Majors J. D. Drabble, W. Corry, W. J. R. Cragg, Lt.-Col. R. H. L. Oulton, Capt. R. H. Taylor, Majors D. J. Joyce, R. G. Young, Lt. (Q.M.) L. L. Ferguson





Three of Suzanne Einzig's charming period drawings from "Mozart On the Way to Prague"

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"The Life of Neville Chamberlain"

"A Pin's Fee"

"Orion III."

"Cooking Quickly"

THE LIFE OF NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN," by Keith Feiling (Macmillan; 25s.), is a biography which not only deserves but secures, by its own force, the closest attention. It is long—how can it not be; for it involves, as background and as vital part of the story, the political history of this country from the time Neville Chamberlain entered political life up to 1940, the year of his death.

The distinction between "political" and "public" life is, in this case, to be recognised: politics could but be an ever-present reality for Joseph Chamberlain's son, Austen Chamberlain's younger brother, but for a long time he eschewed them as career. It might be said (or, at least, it appears from these pages) that, originally, Neville Chamberlain's entering the arena of Westminster was against the grain, if not against his will. Whereas the affairs of his own city, Birmingham, claimed his interest, powers and services while he was still young. His career as public man, in the purely civic sense, culminated in his becoming Lord Mayor of Birmingham: the severance of the working connection with that city was matter, to him, of regret and loss. "Well he knew the ground and its human counters, and the generations linked by the habit of public service."

Birmingham—with its bold inception, its rise, its wealth, its vitality, its expansion with those many attendant problems—is, indeed, inseparable from the Chamberlains as a family: Mr. Feiling's excellent opening chapters cannot be too closely studied, for it is in them that the key to Neville Chamberlain's outlook, disposition and judgments may lie. And, again, the almost paternal relation of the family to the city seems an important one: Mr. Feiling once speaks of Birmingham as "the Florence of England"—superficially, this may sound surprising, but the likeness to that Renaissance, once-flourishing city-state, with its commerce, its confidence, its prominent citizen-statesmen, is made clear.

In the Chamberlains' Birmingham problems were concrete; progress was to be marked; ideals could be given practical form. Finance, health, housing, town-planning and education had long been something more than abstractions to the third of the Chamberlains when, well into middle life, he did enter politics. He was to be at once at grips with the problems of the last phase of the 1914-18 war, then with the international complexities of a post-war world.

His horror of war, of not only its sorrows but its futilities and its long legacy of setbacks, was driven in deeply by everything he had witnessed

since 1914. He brought with him, to Westminster and into Cabinet office, the integrity, the capacity for devotion, the zeal for improvement and, fundamentally, the optimism with regard to human nature of the leading citizen who, in his own field, already, had seen good grow.

* * *

At the same time, did there stay latent in him, to recur at periods of dejection, the impression of an early defeat—a defeat at the hands of Nature. At the age of twenty-one Neville was placed by his father in charge of an enterprise in which the latter had faith and in which £50,000 was to be invested—the growing of sisal (a plant from which, it was claimed, hemp of the best quality could be made) on the island of Andros, in the Bahamas. For seven

years the young man made of this remote, primitive and unpromising island his little world—rejoiced in its development, foresaw its lasting prosperity, fostered the well-being of its inhabitants.

The project failed—for no other reason than that Andros proved to be *not* suitable, either in soil or climate, for the raising of crops of sisal: the machinery, the fertilisers and, most of all, the energy that had been poured into it had to go to waste; and Neville was to see, before his departure, the old desolation resume its sway. The abandonment and the feeling of having failed his father were equally bitter to him: he wrote to Joseph Chamberlain:

I no longer see any chance of making the investment pay. . . . I cannot blame myself too much for my want of judgment. . . . no doubt a sharper man would have seen long ago what the ultimate result was likely to be.

He offered to try afresh on guaranteed land—

I should be more than willing to spend another ten years here, if by so doing I could make a success out of the business in which I have failed.

Years later, when in 1917 his office as Director of National Service must needs, he felt, be resigned, he wrote: "Now I am in a position that reminds me of the Bahamas when the plants didn't grow. . . ." But something better, more positive than a first image of failure was left, Mr. Feiling suggests, by the island years.

Andros, to the affectionate son of a happy home, spelt sheer exile: none the less, this was a formative period, in which decision and self-reliance were, for the first time, to force themselves into play.

Shy, inarticulate, sensitive, overshadowed by the father and elder brother whom he admired so absolutely, Neville Chamberlain was a late developer; content not to look for friends outside the family clan and to sink his own personality in the family name. A curious, modest self-reliance—to be carried at times, it seemed, to the point of obstinacy—was, from henceforth, to be his outstanding trait.

Whether this [Mr. Feiling says] derived from heredity, the Bahamas or continued circumstance, he became the most self-contained and self-reliant of men. Intimate friend, outside his family, he never apparently had, in the sense that they knew his heart. He had plenty of friendly acquaintance, and men to whom he was drawn by affection or loyal partnership in every stage of life; whether to



Mozart and His Wife, the frontispiece of "Mozart On the Way to Prague" (Westhouse; 8s. 6d.) ; a translation by Walter and Catherine Alison Phillips of Eduard Moerike's imaginative evocation of a phase in the composer's life

Ernest Hiley, his town clerk at Birmingham, to his master in fishing, Arthur Wood, or to Halifax. But, his family always excepted, he did not depend on other human beings.

It is presumptuous—a presumption of which Mr. Feiling is at no point guilty—to attempt to force any man's life into one's own concept of it as a drama, or even a pattern. Yet inevitably, in reading this full and therefore revealing biography of Neville Chamberlain, one cannot but trace what seems a fated advance towards a decision, not of his seeking but not flinched from, which could but and must involve the fate of the world—a decision to be made according to his lights, his hard-won experience and his unshaken beliefs.

* * *

"THE LIFE OF NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN" gives, as I have suggested, a full, satisfactory and detailed story of its subject's background and youth, and of the different phases of the career—as Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Director of National Service, Minister of Health, Chairman of the Conservative Party, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, finally, as Prime Minister (this last a role in which, a very long time before, while Neville's disinclination to politics still seemed definite, his father, Joseph Chamberlain, could envisage him).

To the average reader this chronicle, in and as itself, cannot but be fascinating, and educational. That is, however, only the outside story: to it has been added a good deal more. Mr. Feiling has, as biographer, had access to correspondence which throws a revealing light on Neville Chamberlain's relations with his contemporaries, to family letters in which the official guard is lifted, and to the diary in which this intensely reserved man set down more than he cared to show to the world.

His delights—in birds, in fishing, in travel, music, colour, his children and home—his admiration, his ironic sense, and, latterly, his increasing anguish and the stress of his solitude, become real to us. The crisis of 1938, the ordeal of 1939, and the thunder-encircled twilight of 1940 are, thus, both depicted from the outside and, as it were, experienced from within. The British Prime Minister's own accounts, in the diary, of the 1938 meetings with Hitler are memorable. . . . The reading, in all sobriety, of this book seems to me some part of the restitution this country owes to the man who served and loved it so well.

* * *

IN A Pin's Fee (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.) Peter de Polnay makes a slower start than usual; and is to treat with what seems, at the first glance, a for him more conventional situation than hitherto. However, this expert and ever-original novelist shows us, after the first chapter or two, that he not only well knows what he is doing but has surprises in store.

His heroine, Evangeline, is not, after all, of the by now well-worn, if time-honoured, *Green Hat* type—desperado, charmer and rake as she may be. Her effect on Nigel, whom she stirs from the slumber of a sort of perpetual middle-aged adolescence, is violent, but also complex. Her relationship with the semi-demonic Tommy, the taxi driver newly back from the war, will fascinate and perhaps unnerve the reader: to Nigel, however, it comes to be one of the things about Evangeline that one takes for granted. Tommy's declared intention of slaying Evangeline, for the sake of his soul, and Tommy's forcing of Nigel to help him dig Evangeline's grave, in advance, in a blitzed street, does remain, however, worrying to our hero. Here is a pub conversation after the grave-digging scene:

BOWEN ON BOOKS

"Here's to your soul,"
Tommy said.

"Leave my soul alone,"

Nigel said.

Tommy spread out his hands. They were caked with brownish earth. "In this world," he said, "we all have to give. She only takes. And when she can't take any more then there will be more left for us. You and me."

"I don't care a damn what you say," Nigel said. He was tired, and it was getting on for ten.

"You know how it is," Tommy went on; "one doesn't really want to do a thing like that. But she forces one."

"You are just jealous of her."

"That isn't true," Tommy said angrily. "You know it isn't true. But I don't want to talk any more to-night. Are you tired?"

"I'm very tired."

"So am I," said Tommy, drinking his whisky gloomily. . . . "When I met her I knew we'd fought this war in vain," he said. "She's still here."

Evangeline, her little group of intimates (two former husbands, André the French wine merchant, who knows nothing about wine and has never been in France), their life in and out of her dreary flat, the Red Plush Club, pubs, and, at one point, a famous London hotel, gain and gain on the reader with an odd, grey fascination.

Highly effective in contrast with the London post-war scene is the sedate Oxfordshire village in which Nigel dwells with his wife Maud—here, only Nigel's manservant Perrin (a first-rate comedy figure) is untraditional: the dyspeptic vicar and Roger, the blameless squire, are timeless types. . . . *A Pin's Fee*, unlike most novels, grows so exciting that it takes self-control not to sneak a look ahead, at the last page, to see what does, after all, happen.

* * *

"ORION III." (Nicholson and Watson; 6s.), edited by C. Day Lewis, D. Kilham

Roberts and Rosamond Lehmann, more than maintains the standard of its two predecessors. This third volume of the now famous miscellany contains poetry by Edith Sitwell, C. Day Lewis, Louis MacNeice, Denton Welch and others; a long and, I think, very remarkable short story entitled "The Picnic," by Jean Howard; two insect sketches by William Sansom; and the entertaining "A Very Pleasant Evening" in the best manner of its author, Stevie Smith. Edward Sackville-West's "Sketches for an Autobiography" is an

outstanding feature. Criticism is, like poetry, so well represented that I have room to name only two pieces: E. C. Pettet's "Milton and the Modern Reader" and S. Gorley Putt's note on Henry James. Cecily Mackworth's "Recollections from Portugal 1940" is an unclassifiable, memorable, highly personal piece. . . . It is exceedingly difficult to review a miscellany; one can do little more than indicate its character by naming some of its contents. *Orion* shows fine editorial choice; and, as a whole, as a volume, has something more—a cohesion and atmosphere of its own: each feature seems to gain something by its propinquity to the others.

* * *

"COOKING QUICKLY," by Philip Harben (author of *The Way to Cook*), is published by The Bodley Head at 6s., and is a realistic and admirable little book, intended for those looking after themselves, in a hurry, but none the less determined to live well. Quick cooking, Mr. Harben points out, is, of course, in principle, an offence against good cooking; but one's ideas must modify with the times—he gives recipes, based on present-day rations, which, granted some skill and flair, should survive speed. There is also a section on cold food; and another on dishes to be prepared in advance, then either left to cook slowly or "hotted up."



Jack Hobbs, record century scorer, with E. R. T. Holmes, the Surrey cricketer



Mrs. K. Menzies, formerly Kay Stammers, the tennis champion, and Sir Malcolm Campbell



Mrs. J. Hetherington, ladies' open golf champion, and Sir Pelham Warner



Major A. Huskisson, M.C., who presided, with Lord Aberdare, of rackets fame

"British Sport" was the toast, given by Lord Aberdare and replied to by Sir Malcolm Campbell, at a luncheon in the West End attended by many famous sportsmen and women

Sportsmen's Luncheon



Houldsworth — Ransom

The marriage took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton, of Captain H. H. Houldsworth, Scots Guards, son of Lieut.-Colonel J. F. H. Houldsworth, of Coltness, Wishaw, Scotland, and Miss Bridget Ransom, twin daughter of Captain and Mrs. Philip Ransom, of Winwick Warren, near Rugby

THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
MAY 12, 1947
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Humphreys — Macdonald-Buchanan

Captain Roger W. Humphreys, son of Colonel and Mrs. H. F. Humphreys, of Church Farm, Hampton-in-Arden, Warwickshire, married Miss Jean Catherine Macdonald-Buchanan, elder daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, of Cottesbrooke Hall, Northampton, at St. George's, Hanover Square

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler's"
Review
of
Weddings



Kennard — Hoskin

Captain Robert Adam Kennard, Royal Hampshire Regiment, youngest son of Captain and Mrs. Spencer Kennard, of Puslow Hall, Shropshire, married Miss Grace Mary Stuart Hoskin, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Jenner Hoskin, of Harley Street



McCarthy — Fetherstonhaugh

Captain James Russell McCarthy, the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel J. J. McCarthy and of Mrs. McCarthy, of Tyrrells Court, Dilwyn, Hereford, married Miss Jean Cecil Ashley Fetherstonhaugh, only daughter of the late Major A. E. H. Fetherstonhaugh, and of Mrs. W. R. Calvert



Strathcarron — Cole

F/Lieut. Lord Strathcarron, only son of the late Lord Strathcarron and of Lady Strathcarron, of Melbury Court, W.8, married Miss Valerie Cole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Cole, of Melbury Court, W.8, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Debutante Diary

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Margaret Tunmer is to marry Capt. Brian Selsley Phillips, R.E. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Tunmer, of Higham Hall, near Colchester. Captain Phillips is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Clive S. Phillips, of Sevenoaks, Kent



Miss Anne Elizabeth Phillips, elder daughter of Col. Geoffrey Phillips, C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Phillips, whose engagement was announced in November to Major Patrick Reginald Boyle, eldest son of the late Hon. Reginald Boyle and the Hon. Mrs. Boyle of Hatherop, Fairford, Glos.



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Miss Sonia Dawn Rowley Gardner, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. W. S. Gardner of Sandhurst, Kent, who is marrying in April Captain Ivan Clarke of the Leicestershire Regiment, younger son of Brig. B. C. S. Clarke, D.S.O., and Mrs. Dorothy Clarke



Miss Laetitia Diana Lesser, younger daughter of Mr. Henry and Mrs. Lesser of 47 Clifton Hill, London, N.W.8, is engaged to Mr. E. Victor Toeg, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Toeg, of Shanghai, China. Mr. Henry Lesser is Chairman of the Consultative Council of the Ministry of Health



Miss Joan Bishop, whose engagement was announced in November to Mr. Michael P. Birley, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Birley of East Kennel, Marlborough. Miss Bishop is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bishop of Summerdale, Chichester



Miss Jean M. Walker, only daughter of the late Mr. F. C. Walker and of Mrs. Walker of 25 Woodruff Avenue, Hove, who is to be married in July to Dr. B. W. Powell, youngest son of Canon and Mrs. C. Powell, of Bracken Cottage, Walberswick, Suffolk

Note these Facts

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FLYING

NEGATIVE hobbies are becoming increasingly popular. The one I began, of not listening to the B.B.C., is now almost what was once called a "craze." People speak to one another in glowing terms of the pleasure they have received from not switching on the nine o'clock news.

And in many ways these negative hobbies should be of value; but I am getting more and more anxious about the growing habit of not travelling by air. The sequence of crashes began it, but since then it has increased. It can no longer be doubted that a strong resistance to air travel is building up and that its effects upon aviation in general will be deplorable.

There are two reasons why people will not travel by air; the first is that they do not think it is safe and the second is that they do not think that it is trustworthy. And as yet I cannot positively and honestly say how safe and how trustworthy it is. The figures are not, at the time of writing, available.

Such statistics as are issued about air travel are eclectic. They pick out certain figures and leave others unmentioned. A consequence is that absurd practice of trying to prove that air travel is safe by quoting the passenger-miles per death. This omits to notice that people are not interested in how many miles they live, but how many years.

Publish and be Saved

My own suggestion of what should be done to bring travellers back to the air lines begins with full, free and frank publication of all the facts. However uncomfortable an air line may feel about certain figures, it will gain nothing by concealing them. Let us have all the facts and be able to judge for ourselves just how bad or how good air travel is.

I am confident that, if those figures were given, they would show that air travel is not so bad as it is supposed to be, although I admit that they would probably also show that it is less safe, less punctual and less trustworthy than either land or sea travel.

And remember this, that the mere juxtaposition of the deaths per month arising from road accidents and the deaths per month arising from air accidents means nothing. Before the figures can be related one to another we must know not only the total mileages concerned (which are of small importance) but also the total hours travelling concerned (which are of large importance).

A car journey of two hours may be pleasant or painful; an air journey of two hours may be pleasant or painful. But whether pleasant or painful it is two hours of life, and two hours of life are expended with care by all sensible men and women. And where there is anxiety there can be no pleasure.

Le Mans

THE Le Mans 24-hour motor car event was one of the most delightful in the calendar. So a great welcome will be given to the efforts of the French aviation club, *Les Ailes du Maine*, to organize an air event on similar lines.

Wisely they are starting slowly, with a 6-hour try-out to be held this year, in July. If that succeeds, the first full-blown 24-hour air event will be held in 1948. The plan is to cause the aircraft to fly circuits, much as the cars were driven round the road circuit, and to award marks for performance achievements.

The Le Mans motor car events had a most delightful *ambiance*, with restaurants in tents beside the track where wonderful food and sound wine could be had at low prices. And of course there were the beautifully groomed, good-looking French women who are to be found at all aviation and motoring events in France and who can lend an air of elegance to anything from a motor car refuelling pit to an aircraft hangar.

Brussels Doves

A FRIEND writes to tell me that de Havilland Doves are now working on the Brussels-Luxembourg route. They do the trip twice daily except on Sundays, and take about forty-five minutes about it.

From the first I have been a believer in the Dove, which seems to me one of the best aeroplanes in production since the war, taking every conceivable type into consideration, military and civil. I base this view not on general impressions, but on the main facts of the Dove specification.

If these facts are set alongside those for any other specification they will be seen to be indicative of an advanced, well-planned machine.

The Treasury and Gliders

IT seems that when the Treasury agreed to exempt "passenger gliders" from purchase tax, it did not mean to exempt passenger gliders. It meant to exempt piloted gliders and sailplanes. It is good to know that the British Gliding Association has been able to have this point clarified.

But the whole thing makes one wonder who advises Government departments when they prepare the wording of official statements. Aeronautical usage, if not other usage, states clearly enough that a passenger in an aircraft is someone who is not flying the aircraft. So what the Treasury said (but did not mean) was that pilotless gliders carrying passengers were exempt from the purchase tax.

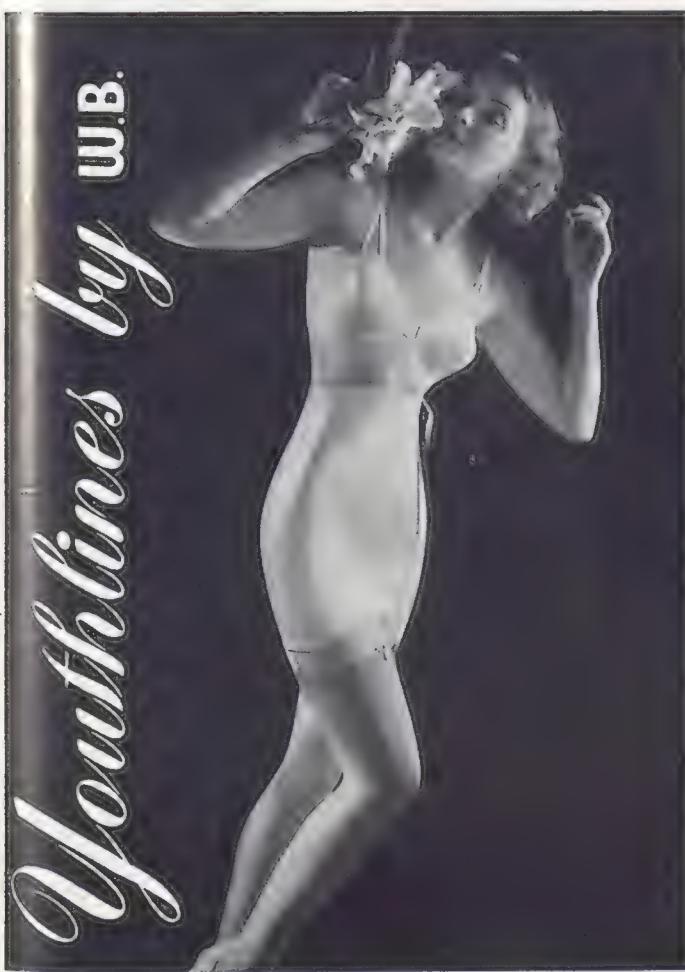
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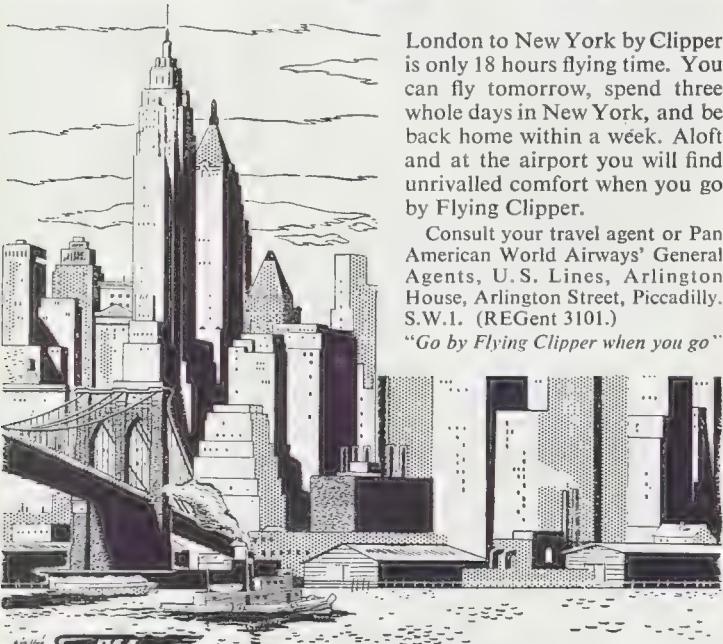
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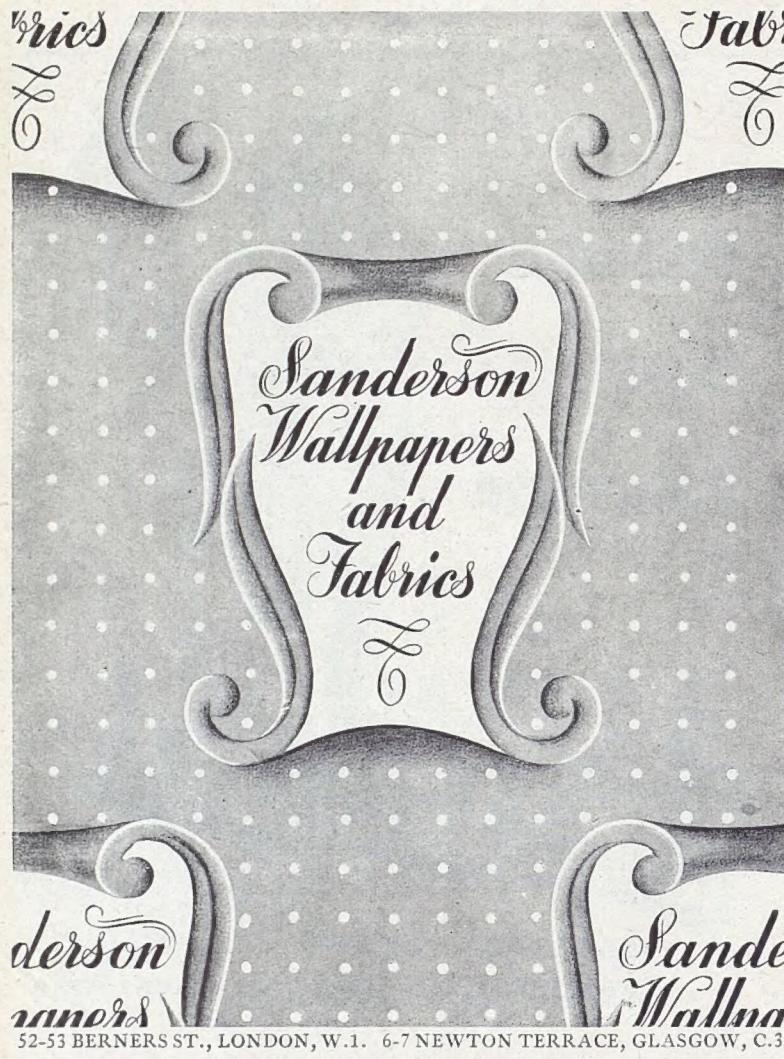
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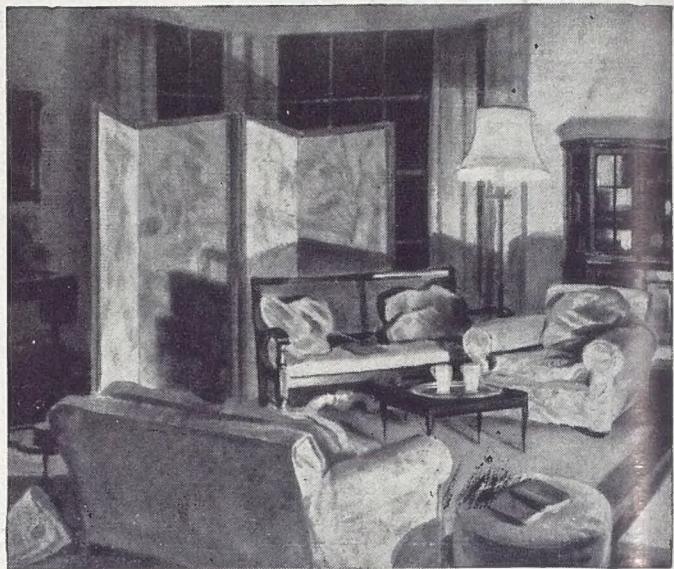
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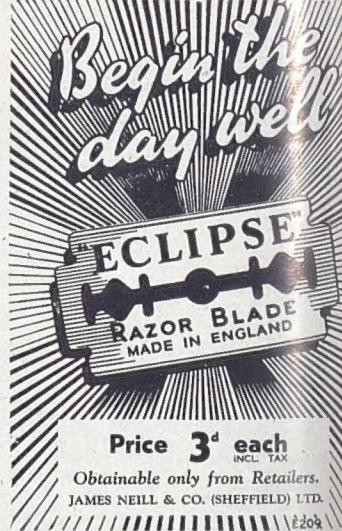
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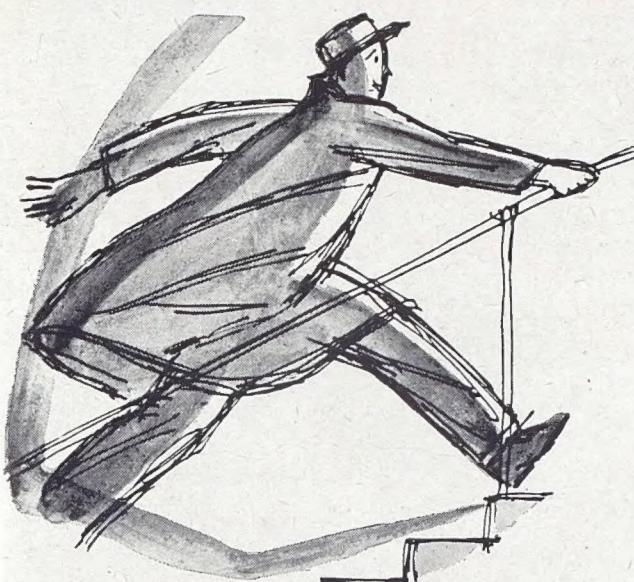
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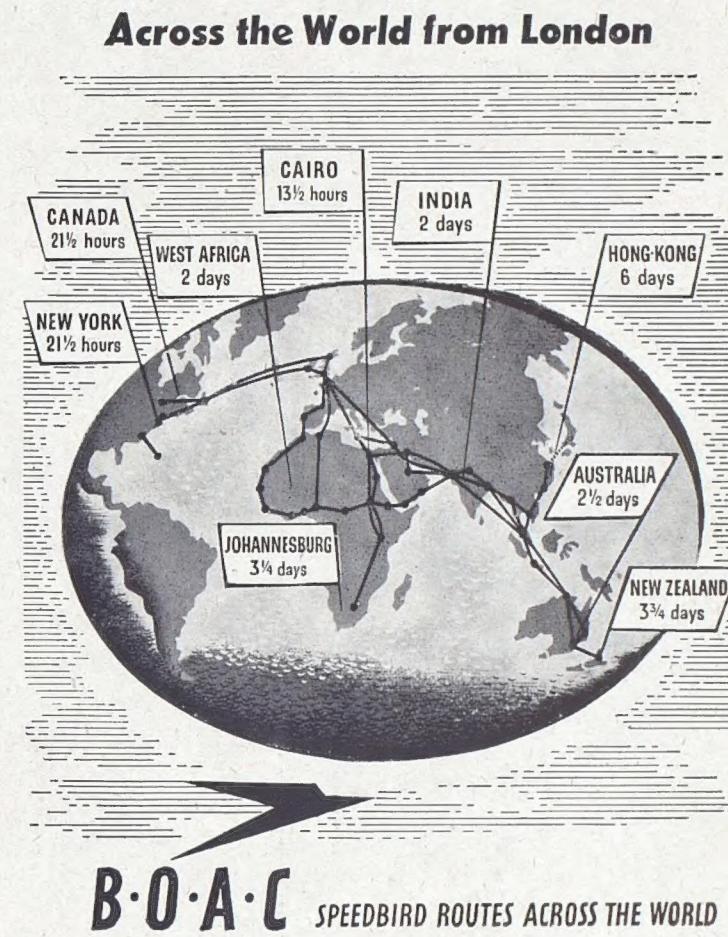
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